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THINGS NEW AND OLD.

BY

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GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,

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DEDICATION.

TO

My Masters and my Scholars.

Spake once the Rabbi Hillel, famed of yore :
"I have learnt much from those who taught my youth ;
More have I known of God's abiding Truth
From those who with me dug the golden ore,
Comrades and friends ; but most—above that more—
My teachers have been those who came to learn,
Children and childlike souls, whose spirits yearn
With quenchless thirst for wisdom's priceless lore."
What wonder that I seek to give to these
The autumn gleanings of a vintage late,
While yet some purple clusters deck the trees,
Ere wintry blasts have left them desolate?
They will not scorn, nor deem the scribe o'er-bold,
Who from his stores brings forth things new and old.

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PREFACE.

SOME of the poems in this volume have already appeared in print. Of these, the two Buddhist poems, *Vasádavatta* and *Nirvana*, are republished with the kind permission of Messrs. Isbister & Co. (Limited); the translations of the two Latin hymns on the Four Gospels and on St. John, with that of Messrs. Cassell & Co. (Limited); those from hymns in the *Sarum Missal*, with that of Messrs. Novello, Ewer, & Co., — the three firms which are respectively entitled to the copyright.

E. H. P.

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Chalfont St. Giles.[1]

From Thomas Elwood to William Pennington.

A.D. 1665.

YES, he is with me now, that blind old man,
Of whom I oft have told thee. I have sought
To save him from the city's tainted air;
And so from out the streets, whose midnight hush
Is broken by the plague-cart's bell, while death
With sweeping scythe mows down the grass of life,
I brought him hither. But a few green fields
Divide us, and at morn, and noon, and eve,
We meet as friends familiar, I to hear,
And he to speak. From pale lips eloquent
Flow golden words, and from the treasured store,
Like a wise scribe, he brings forth new and old;

[1] Chalfont St. Giles is memorable in English literature as the place of Milton's retirement during the great Plague of London, A.D. 1665. Thither he was taken by Thomas Elwood, one of the early disciples of William Penn, from whom this narrative of his life there is supposed to come in a letter to one of the brotherhood of Friends.

Remembered words of poets and of sage
Float, like a strain of music, to his ears;
And so from out the dark clouds of the night
The moon looks forth upon his lonely path,[1]
And leads him o'er wild moor and dreary waste,
Until the day-star rises. And his joy,
When o'er him comes the breath of new-mown fields,
The fragrance of the eglantine and rose,
Or the rich sweetness which the summer rain
Draws from the bosom of the parchèd earth,
Shines, like a sunbeam o'er that sightless face,
And sound, by some strange mystery of the sense,
Seems half-transmuted into subtler waves,
And tells of form and colour. Not for him
The golden sunset and the roseate dawn;
And yet the breath of morning, and the songs
Of lark that chants his anthems high and clear,
Bring to his soul the brightness and the glow.
He cannot see the lightning's fiery flash,
But every peal of solemn thunder sweeps
With sudden glory to the inward eye;
And lo! his soul mounts upward to the Throne
Whence issue voices mighty as the surge

[1] "Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path like the moon emerging from the clouds."—Hallam: *History of Literature*, iv. p. 425, ed. 1839.

Of many waters, and the emerald arch
Spans the wide vault, and thousand angels wait,
Each in his order, or go to and fro,
Serving their Master. So each varying tone,
When the soft breeze, from out the pine-tree tops,
Calls the low murmur as of distant seas,
Or pattering of the raindrops on the eaves
Tells of the spring-tide shower, or babbling brook,
From pebbly depths and shallows in its course,
Makes clearest music,—all alike for him
Are but the notes of one vast symphony
That rises up from Nature to her God;
And each fair scene is present to his thoughts,
As once it was to sight that now is quenched.
But man is more than Nature, and his soul
Soars to yet loftier empyrean heights,
When from the ivory keys the expert's touch
Creates its wondrous world of melody,
The solemn chants which fill the lofty choir,
The madrigals which speak of youth and joy,
The rushing flood of some o'erflowing strain
That pours unbidden, man's will powerless
To start, or guide, or check it. This his hands
Work for themselves, and I but sit and hear,
Wrapt in that cloud of music, and borne on
To heights before unknown; and yet my voice,

That too has power to stir the depths of life,
Or ringing out great Homer's trumpet tones,
Or following Virgil's calmer, statelier tread,
Or the dread vision of the Florentine,
Or in our English speech, with psalm and hymn,
And hallelujah, such as Levites sang
Before their God, the Lord of Sabaoth,
Kindling his spirit, till the wind that sweeps
With mighty rushing wakes his soul to hear
The echoes of the anthems of the stars,
The music of the mountain and the flood.

And then, his heart being opened, he will tell
The story of his life, the passionate thirst
Of stainless boyhood for the radiant crown
Of wisdom and of truth,—truth sought amiss,
Not for her own transcendent loveliness,
But for the crown she offers. Then the change,—
The bitter sense of wasted, fruitless life,
The nobler will, content to "stand and wait,"[1]
The long, long struggle, when, for freedom's sake,
Freedom of thought and action, he endured
Shame and reproaches ;—harder yet to bear,
The sense o'erwrought with task-work self-imposed,
And shrinking into darkness, leaving him,

[1] Compare Milton's Sonnet *On his blindness.*

Whose joy in God's fair world was infinite,
To whom each touch of sunlight on the clouds
Revealed a world of beauty, close shut up,
A prisoner in the house of darkness old,
An exile from that world of loveliness,
An exile also from the garden fair,
The Eden of the wise and large of heart,
The Paradise whose blossoms are its books.
Hardest of all—of that he seldom speaks,
But stray words falling tell the secret woe,—
The bitterest drop in all the cup of grief,
That homeless home,—divided will and heart,
Where should be fondest union ; and the joy,
When that woe passed, bestowed a little while,
Just one short foretaste of a better life,
And then withdrawn, and in the dream of night
Floating before the eye of ecstasy,
To mock him with the phantasy of bliss,
And wake him to the bitterness of death.[1]
And oft his speech will tell of earlier days,
Strange cities he had seen, imperial Rome,
Empurpled harlot on her seven proud hills,
Still heathen in the centre of her life,
Though Peter's wondrous fane uprears its head,
And Peter's pence fill all her treasuries,

[1] Comp. Milton's Sonnet *On his deceased Wife.*

And on the chair of Peter sits enthroned
Christ's self-styled Vicar;—Piacenza fair,
Bologna famed for wisdom, Mantua,
That cradled Virgil, fair Val d'Arno's shades,
Where Florence lifts her coronal of towers,
And Giotto's pencil calls the world to praise,
And Dante's spirit breathes through all the air.
And then from places he will turn to men,
Whose memories float before him. He has known
The foremost in the ranks of fame and name:
Young Lycidas, the boy whose promise rare
Filled all men's hearts with wonder and with hope
Destined to fail, whose praise he sang of old,
When o'er him closed the dark and ruthless waves;
Wotton, whom grey experience taught to veil
Strong will with face of smiles;[1] the dreamer Vane,
With mind o'erwrought, as though he saw on earth
The vision of the new Jerusalem;[2]
Manso and Diodati, courteous friends
And open-hearted brothers; chief of all,
Two names stand forth from out the glorious throng:
Great Galileo, whom he saw of old,
When power had crushed the vigour of his soul,

[1] "*Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti.*"—See Sir H. Wotton's Letter to Milton.

[2] Comp. Sonnet *To Sir Henry Vane the Younger.*

And tyrant zeal had made him swerve from truth,
On bended knees, while yet he whispered low,
"*E pur si muove.*" There they stood, the two,[1]
The old man, weary of his life, worn out
With fruitless struggles, finding little joy
And little hope, though all the stars were clear,
Seen through his optic tube, and told their tale
Of order and of beauty, and the moon
Revealed her mountains, moorlands, vales, and rocks ;
And he, the fair young pilgrim from the North,
In life's fresh morning when the sky was bright,
And deeds of high emprise and glorious fame
Seemed waiting on his will. Ah ! little dreamed
The student-poet then, his life should know
Yet gloomier ending, pass through darker clouds,
His name become a bye-word and reproach,
That glorious dawn in storm and tempest end !
But one there was, the master soul of all,
The foremost man of all this age of ours,
Whom he had served with service of the heart,
And learned to love and honour. Cromwell still,
Amid the howl of courtly parasites,
Amid the scoffs of courtiers and buffoons,

[1] For Milton's interview with Galileo, see the *Areopagitica*, and for Manso and Diodati, the first of the Latin *Elegies* and the poem addressed to the former in the *Silvarum Liber*.

Finds him a true defender. He had plumbed
The depths and heights of that heroic heart,
And knew the stern resolve that nerved his arm,
To curb the pride of presbyter and priest,[1]
And leave the conscience free. His pen had traced
The words that o'er the hills of wild Savoy[2]
Spread like a gospel, strong to help and save,
And stayed the swords that made the streamlets run
Crimson with blood through snow-clad Alpine vales,
And each high crag re-echo with the cry
Of Vaudois martyrs. He had eyes to see,
Through all the outer crust of roughest mood,
The true heart beating with the life divine,
And heard, through all the din and strife of war,
The fevered conflict, and the hot debate,
The inner music. Others now may scorn,
Who then were flatterers, but he changes not;
And where the body of the hero lies,
Outraged and outcast, no memorial stone
Marking the grave, he wends his darkened way,
And in his thoughts recalls the days gone by,
When England's name was honoured o'er the world,
And made the tyrants tremble.

[1] Compare Milton's Sonnet *On the New Forcers of Conscience*: "New Presbyter is but old priest writ large."

[2] Compare Sonnet *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*

Most of all,
My friend, I treasure those diviner hours
When the full stream that from the spirit flows
Floods all his soul. I little dreamt till now
Of that more wondrous greatness. I had thought
Of him as one who, through life's evil chance,
Had fallen from the scholar's high estate
To do his daily task-work. We have known
Full many who, from out the golden dreams
Of hopeful youth, have passed to meaner toil,
Still pouring knowledge into urns that leak,
Or wearing down the roughness of the boy
By sharp correction, till the man appear
True to his calling. I have pitied oft
Those pale, worn teachers, old before their time,
The wielders of the ferule and the rod,
And I, in my half-knowledge, counted him
As one of those with somewhat more of claim
To pity and respect. But now I find
That I received an angel unawares;
And from his lips flow words of mightiest power.
Far as the bright steps of the Eternal Throne
His flight soars high. Where angels veil their face,
He in his vision looks with open gaze,
And sings the mighty order of the world,
The birth of Sin and Death, the primal guilt

The lost Archangel brought into the world,
And banished from the Paradise of God
Man and his helpmate. Awestruck I have sat,
And listened to that wondrous song of songs,
And watched the wings that took no middle path,
But soared to those untrodden heights where dwells,
Beyond the fiery ramparts of the world,
The Majesty Eternal. And 'twas mine
To guide the river, rushing in its strength,
To channel deep and wide, where it shall flow
To carry life into the howling waste,
And to make glad the city of our God.
Those wars of angels, battlefields of Heaven ;
Councils of demons, palaces of Hell,
The fair green fields of Eden forfeited,
The coming in of evil, like a flood,—
My spirit craved for something more than this,[1]
The tale of evil conquered, Paradise
Regained by goodness, and the Tempter false
Driven back in shameful flight and ignominy
Who erst had triumphed. And with radiant look
He caught the hint that met his soul's desire,
And with his whole heart entered on his task,

[1] The suggestion as recorded by Elwood in his Memoirs of himself came in this form : "Thou hast said a great deal upon Paradise Lost : what hast thou to say upon Paradise Regained ?"

Rejoicing more in that his new-found work
Than in all labours of his youthful prime,
Or manhood's riper summer. Half I deemed
That he, in that great conflict of the Christ,
Fought in the drear and lonely wilderness,
Saw that which met and mirrored forth his own,
Finding in that divine experience all
That he had known of wishes vast and high,
The thirst for name and fame and kingly power,
The scorn of sense, the struggle with despair,
His warfare with the evil of the world.
He too had passed from out the haunts of men,
And met the Tempter in the howling waste,
And wrestled with him there. And so his soul
Lives yet again o'er all that earlier past,
And sees it as transfigured in the light
That from the Christ streams forth on each man's life,
And gives to all our joys and cares and griefs
A glory from the Throne. And so he dwells
With fonder love upon each line that flows
From out the secret fountains of the heart,
Than on all visions which the inward eye
Saw of the heavens of heavens, or armies vast
Of princedoms and of powers in dread array,
The hierarchy of angels.

And I know
That thou, my friend, wilt joy to learn his heart
Is one with us in that which makes the sum
And substance of our faith. 'Tis true he smiles
A scholar's smile at our quaint "thous" and "thees,"
Keeps to the old hat-courtesy, and wears
The world's apparel, but his heart is large,
And he has known, by long experience taught,
The Light that lighteth all men. Not for him
The worship of the ritual and the priest,
The gilded altar and the carvèd shrine;
In upright heart and pure he still has found
The noblest Temple, and in blameless life,
Free from all stain of sense has kept it clean,
Holy of Holies to the Lord. And he
Owns too the Spirit's teaching, sets at nought
The limits and the barriers men have raised,
And in each truth his soul has fed upon,
Each vision of the uncreated light,
Each fiery thought that wings the burning words,
Sees the one great Inspirer. Faith like this
Unites us, let what will divide, and so
His friends are ours. The Scholar does not shrink
From converse with the Quaker. Long years since,
When Cromwell ruled us, and the bitter hate

Of sects and churches raged full hot on us,
His counsel stayed the fury of the blast,
And gave us freedom ; and his chosen friends
He still has found among us. Here his life
Is daily with us. I, whom he has taught
Some measure of his wisdom, wait on him,
As son upon a father ; and the maid,
The fair-haired Guli,[1] bright-eyed as the morn,
Whom my soul looks to, as the pilgrim lone
Looks to the star that guides him on his way,
Yet knows he ne'er can reach it,—she will tend
The blind old man with all a daughter's care,
Will soothe his spirit with her soft, low voice,
And when the stream of song flows full and clear,
Will write and write through hours of summer day,
Not grudging or complaining, like the twain
In whom their mother claims the larger share,
Who pout and frown, when he, at morn or eve,
Calls them from tambour and from harpsichord
To do his bidding. Somewhat stern, perchance,
His mien towards them, harsh the tone of voice
With which he gives command. And so they lose
The hearts of daughters, and the rift thus made

[1] Guli or Gulielma Springett, then living at Chalfont with her step-father Isaac Pennington, afterwards the wife of William Penn.

Will scarce be closed. A film of sore distrust
Has come between them and their father's soul,
And blindness wakes suspicion. Day by day
He asks, as once the Lord of Israel asked,
"And if I be a father, where is love?
And if I be a master, where is fear?"
And they, stiff-necked and stubborn, still rebel,
Turn in their hearts to lower joys and cares,
And know not that the blind old man they scorn
Is as a prophet, whom his father's house
Holds in scant honour, brother worldly-wise
As dreamer pitying him, and friends of youth
Damning with faintest praise, as if he were
A pædagogue with brand-new crotchets filled,
To change the wonted order of the schools,
Writer of pamphlets, regicide at heart,
With hankerings after license of divorce,
And speech unlicensed.

So the days run on,
And life is spent in petty, carking cares,
And feeble age and weakened will make sour
The lees of nature's vintage; but meanwhile
The light within burns bright. His spirit cleaves,
As seeing Him who is invisible,
To that great hope that lit the heart of youth,
Hope not yet dead, of praise throughout the years.

Numbered with those of old renown and fame,
The masters of high music and high thoughts ;
Hope that seeks more than praise and fame of men,—
The great Taskmaster's smile of welcome, given
To true and faithful servants, rest in Him
In whom all restlessness of fevered life
Finds its repose, and all things incomplete
Reach their completeness. Yes, the day will come,
When, gazing on the crystal firmament,
Men will own that the brightest star of stars,
Set there to throw its light upon the earth,
And be to all a glory and a joy,
And shall not deem that star within its orb
Hides the dead traces of a life long past,
The scars of great convulsions, inner fires
That laid life's pleasant fields and vineyards waste,
And long wide tracts of marsh and moor and fen ;
And he, the same, yet sharing nobler life,
As one whose words have turned the hearts of men
To righteousness and truth, shall dwell on high,
Within the nearer precincts of the Throne,
All discords hushed, all sins of will confessed,
And all atoned, all glorious gifts of song
Poured forth to praise the Giver ; crowns of fame

Thrown down upon the glassy sea of God,
And the true man transfigured thank his Lord
For youth and hope and joy, for praise and fame,
For toil and tears, for weariness and pain,
For fretting cares and troubles born of earth,
For loneliness and blindness; all at last
Seen but as stages in the onward path,
By which the hands of everlasting Love,
Out of all weakness, led him to its strength,
Out of all conflict to the Eternal Peace.

Bedford.[1]

From William Pennington to Thomas Elwood.

A.D. 1665.

Thou tell'st me of the poet and the sage,
Whom once I knew long since, on Granta's banks,
And still before mine eyes there floats a dream
Of what he was, and mingles with the thoughts
Of what he is. I see the lofty brow,
The golden locks down-parted in the midst,
O'er either temple falling; blue, bright eyes
That oft outwatched the Bear on winter nights;
Face girl-like in its beauty, crystal clear
And pure as is the sunlight on the snow.
All this I see before me, and thou tell'st
Of blindness and decay, the glorious front
Deep furrowed with the lines of thought; and hair
Golden no more, but silvered o'er with age;
The scholar's hands, long, thin, and pale; and eyes
Quenched in the brooding darkness. I rejoice

[1] Bunyan's imprisonment at Bedford lasted from A.D. 1660 to 1672, when the influence of Bishop Barlow of Lincoln procured his release.

That his heart beats in oneness with thine own,
His hope as thy hope stedfast.
Yet, of old
'Twas written that the things, for ages hid
From eyes of wise and prudent, God reveals
To babes and childlike hearts ; and I have found,
In one rough-handed, bold and coarse of speech,
Untaught the lore of bards and sages high,
One while a drunken tinker, whose loud oaths
Made women shrink in terror, reeling oft
From tavern through the market ; who, transformed,
As by the lightning flash of God's great might,
Was born to higher life, and then came years
Of labour in the lowliest tasks of men,
Of zeal outspoken, rash and fiery speech,
And then the prison cell, the green damp wall,
Food coarse and scanty, oaths and curses thick
From mates and gaolers. Yet, my friend, I find
In that rough ore the gold that stands the fire :
That dungeon foul is as the Apostle's cave
In Patmos, and a bright Apocalypse
Floats to him through the midnight. Wilt thou know
What wrought the change, his own words tell it thee.
Yes, so he lived ; his name cast out as vile,
E'en by the vilest ; conscience stinging still ;
Now numbed in revel, drowned in rioting,

Then waking into terror, flames of Hell
Flashing before his eyes, and demon howls
Startling the silence, thrilling soul and brain
With sore amazement, only touching not
The seared and hardened heart. The years passed on,
All sharpest counsel, strong rebuke being vain,
Until at length he chanced to hear the voice
Of some rough preacher all untaught of men,
No scholar on the banks of Isis trained;
And still the burden of his speech ran thus:
"How fair art Thou, Belovèd! Oh, how fair!"[1]
Much was there wild and dream-like, groans and sighs;
And scorners mocked, and timid cold hearts grieved,
But still the burden of his speech ran thus:
"How fair art Thou, Belovèd! Oh, how fair!"
And thus before the dreamer's phantasy,
Waking sweet music from the jangled bells,
Opening fresh waters in the flinty rock,
There came through all the midnight of his soul
The vision of a beauty infinite,
And, as one said of old, that wisdom clad
In visible form would stir the hearts of men[2]
To strange and wondrous passion, so for him
The thought of One, his Everlasting Friend

[1] See the story of Bunyan's conversion in Southey's *Life of Bunyan*, p. 107 (*ed.* 1844).

[2] Plato, *Phædr.* 251, A.

The Son of Man upon the throne of God,
Was mighty to deliver. He would press
Onward and upward till he reached the goal,
The glory of the new Jerusalem,
Whose habitants are saints innumerable;
And he to men his brothers needs must preach
The great, glad tidings that his soul had found,
The love of Christ constraining him, and thus
He too became a preacher. Poor, untaught,
But little skilled in books, nor given much
To inward speculation, 'twas not strange
That that one form of truth which reached his heart
Should seem to him the whole; and so he joined
Their narrowing Church, who hold the love of Christ
Tied down to straitest limits, plunged himself
In running stream, threw scorn upon the font
Wherewith the Church had cleansed his inward life,
Threw scorn, too, on our purer, nobler faith,
That casts aside the symbol and the form
To grasp the substance.
So it chanced, we met,
Each, stalwart champion for the truth he owned,
Each, hot and zealous with the zeal that springs
From partial blindness. Bitter words we spake
Whose echoes pain us still. I, bent to prove
That God's right hand is leading each man on,

His light revealing Truth to each man's soul;
I scorned him as in darkness, tried to shake
His faith in that rude teacher, would not own
That God was guiding him; and he, with zeal
Not after knowledge, bade me search and see
That God's own chosen,—they and only they,
Within the limits of that close-fenced sect,—
Are objects of His love, and sought to win
My heart to God by telling of a Will
Exclusive, partial, narrow. So we parted,
Each hardened by the conflict, but at length
I heard of all the storms that fell on him.
His zeal had stirred men's wrath, and so he came
Within the meshes of the nets of law;
And so, from work and wife and children torn,
He lies in Bedford's prison. Then my soul
Smote on me as I heard it. I had helped
To loose the bitter waters; I had stirred
The fire that scorched him. What remained for me
But to undo the evil as I could,
And soothe and comfort. So I went to him,
Spake to him, prayed, and found his spirit grown
To riper manhood. Yea, in him there dwells
As truly as in that thy scholar friend,
Who sings of Paradise, a poet's soul,
Though rough his rhymes, and all his noblest thoughts

Clothed in plain prose. But deep within the ore,
The rude rock matrix that inspheres the gold,
The pure bright metal sparkles, tried by fire,
And nobler epics than our bards have sung
Flow from his pen. Dost thou remember, friend,
When yet we read such books, how youth's fresh life
Was kindled into ardour by his voice
Who told of one, the ploughman peasant-born[1]
Who by the pure, high temper of his soul,
Love for the truth, and zeal for Christ his Lord,
Rose to the height of noblest chivalry,
And, as the Red Cross Knight, went forth to shield
Fair Una from wild, lawless hands, and win
His crown of glory,—tempted, falling oft,
Wounded and weary, then, at last, led on,
Through all the chambers of the Holy House,
To holiest shrine of all? We read and learned
The story's import, knew that ploughman knight
To be this English people God hath called
To tasks of high emprise; beheld in her,
Sweet Una, riding in her samite robe,
Truth, one and fair and indivisible,
Whom still Duessa, false enchantress, strove
To banish from among us. This we read,

[1] Compare Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, Book I., and his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

And lo! the music flowed as rich and soft,
As flows the river murmuring to the reeds;
And yet the sweetness cloyed. As, page by page,
We read of that strange tale of Faerie-land,
We grew half weary of the wondrous maze
In which we wandered. Poet's song was there,
High thoughts, melodious rhythm, but we craved
For something that should show the living man,
Battling and struggling onward.

And I find
In this poor tinker that which there we missed,
As though some sparks of orient fire were mixed
With that rough clay, or gipsy blood glowed hot,
And filled the brain with visions of the night,
And spectral phantoms, so that all within,
Each hope or fear, each struggle and each joy,
Took outward form. And so I heard from him
The wondrous tale of Christian's pilgrimage,
And knew he told his own soul's story there.
He too had parted as from wife and child,
To do his Master's bidding, travelled o'er
The mire of that deep slough, his burden cast
Down at the Cross's foot, and through the gate
That little wicket-gate, passed on to seek
The House of the Interpreter. Fire-darts,
Hurled by Apollyon, on his armour fell.

In Doubting Castle he had dwelt awhile,
For months of sad unrest, or through the Fair
Where Vanity her mummings and her masques
Holds in high revel, struggled step by step,
Harassed, brow-beaten, vexed, and so at last
He stood on Beulah, and through shepherd's glass,
From height of hills God calls Delectable,
Looked to the Heavenly City, saw the forms,
Arrayed in white, of those who dwell therein,
And heard the golden harps and angels' songs.
Nor doubt I there has walked beside his path
One stout as Great-Heart, strong when he was weak,
Able to guide and counsel, found true friend
When others failed him, one to journey on,
Through life's rough path, as comrade, hand in hand,
Warding off wolves and robbers, or in storm,
When wild waves sweep the deck of sinking ship,
To share the one plank left, or through the surge
With stalwart arm to bear his brother up,
And bring him safe to shore; or when the stream
Flows icy cold, the deep, dark stream of death,
And yet the pilgrim lingers on the brink,
To bid him take good cheer, nor lose from view
The star-crowned summit of the hills beyond,
The turrets of the palace of the King.

Such friend, be sure, he had, unknown to men,
No knight or scholar,—rude and rough in speech,
As was the peasant whom the soldiers knew
That gathered round the fire that Paschal night
By Galilean twang ; a churl, maybe,
A tinker working at his pots and pans,
As Paul of old sat toiling morn and eve,
Stitching rough canvas into seemly shape :—
And yet a soul more noble and more brave,
More goodly with the goodliness of truth,
Than knights or silken courtiers.

Yet again
The vision changes. Out of inward strife,
The conflict of the Evil and the Good,
He tells the story of the Holy War
And town of Mansoul, which the Heavenly King
Claims as his own, and there, as clear and strong,
As when he knew the clarion-call to arms,
Or tramp of Cromwell's soldiers on the road,
He heard the Prince Emmanuel's voice of love
Plead with His people. In his ear there rang
The Tempter's whisper, stealing through the night
At each unguarded gate of sense or soul ;
There came the fierce hosts of Diabolus,
And fiery banners waving in the air ;
The clash of swords, the sweat and strife of those

Who wrestle not with foes of flesh and blood,
But war with principalities and powers,
And need no panoply of mortal make,
But Truth's strong girdle and the shield of Faith,
And helmet of Deliverance, and for sword,
Sharp with the double edge, the Word of God,
That issueth from the lips of Christ the King.
And so he gazed upon the warfare strange,
And so he listened to the mingled din,
Cries of the wounded, fainting, worn, and spent,
Cries of the conquerors, with hot victory flushed,
Until he saw the triumph, Shaddai owned
As King Eternal, Lord Omnipotent,
And Christ, Emmanuel, wooing as His bride
The guilty, sin-stained city, clothing her
In linen white and clean, and holding there
His Marriage-feast, the Supper of the Lamb.
All this, my friend, he tells me, not as one
Who, at his desk, constructs, by rule of thumb,
Or apologue or tale or allegory,
But in the glow and white heat of the soul,
As one who falls into a trance, and sees
The Heavens wide opened.
So his life is passed ;
And yet the dreamer has a human heart,
And wife and children cling around his knees,

When the rough gaoler yields to gentler mood ;
And he will clasp them in his arms, and pray,
With sobs and tears, as they prayed, who, of old,
Where stretch the yellow sands of sinful Tyre,
Knelt down, and there, to rippling of the waves,
Wept sore, and grasped the loved Apostle's hand,
And fell upon his neck, and kissed his cheek,
And parted each upon his several way.
So they too met and parted ; and he lies
In that close prison, where the walls are green
With festering damp, and gnawing teeth of rats
Break the dark night's great stillness, and he dreams,
And lives once more in Heaven. He is sure
That there his place is fixed for evermore,
That neither chance, nor change, nor death, nor hell,
Can from God's love divide him. Stern, hard speech
Has he for timorous doubters, little skilled
To deal with natures other than his own ;
Thoughts clear and strong, yet rising not to heights
Nor fathoming the depths of human souls ;
Nor looking out with wider thoughts of hope,
On those, the good and evil, just, unjust,
On whom God makes His sun to shine, and pours
His rain from Heaven.

So it needs must be ;
The rough, strong peasant roughly grasps his prize ;

The scholar and the poet trick it out
With skill of speech and subtlest turns of thought;
And each would scorn the other, count him far
From God's own shrine and sanctuary of Truth.
And yet, who knows, but from the Throne on high,
Girt round with darkness, far above the stars,
Both seem as travellers poor and weak and frail,
Each pressing on his dark and lonely path;
While round him blow the night-winds cold and drear,
And weary knees wax feeble, and their feet
Leave tracks of blood upon the flinty way?
And one Hand guides, one Arm sustains them both,
And leads them on by ways they know not now
(Giving sweet songs of gladness in the night,
And moonlight gleamings from behind the cloud),
To that far country where their eyes shall see
The King in all His rich apparelling,
And even as God knows them, they shall know.

Adrastos.[1]

NAY, tell me not of peace, or hope, or joy,
What man lives on, than I more miserable,
More crushed and harassed by the vexing gods?
Where'er I go a curse attends my steps:
The dread Erinnys of my father's house,
Thirsting for blood, exulting in my shame,
Still haunts me, and I feel her spectral touch;
The shudder of the shade of coming woe
Thrills through each nerve, and in mine ear there rings
Atè's low whisper, freezing all the blood:
"Yes, go thy way, be merry, get thee friends;
I still am near thee, cursing all thy life,
And when thou sittest at the banquet's cheer,
Or baskest in the sunshine, thou shalt feel
A horror of great darkness."
And I know
That boding works its own fulfilment dread;

[1] The story of Adrastos is told in Herod. I., chaps. 35-45.

And I am doomed to blight the life and joy
Of all whom most I love. Against my will
I scatter death, and sow the seed of woe
Where I would fain give blessing.
Thus it was:
My childhood grew in Phrygia, born the heir
Of kingly house, that owned great Midas sire.
In life's bright morn we wandered o'er the hills,
I and my brother; he, by some few years
The younger, fair, clear-eyed, and lithe of limb,
And I watched o'er him, sheltered him from harm,
And suffered not or wolf or spotted pard,
Or robber-outlaw, lurking in his den,
To hurt his youth, and kept him from the priests
Of Cybele, when drums and cymbals loud
Stirred them to frenzy, and they fain had drawn
My brother's soul to quit the life of men,
And be as one of them. And night and day
We lived together, chanted solemn songs,
When the gods gave the golden grain, or hung
The myriad purple clusters on the vine:
He looked to me, and did not look in vain,
For brother's love, and guidance fond and true;
And now that brother's blood is on my hand,
And on my head a father's curses rest,
And I bring down with sorrow to the grave

My mother's hoary age. 'Twas not from strife
For gold or kingdom, such as oft hath set
A brother's sword against a brother's life ;
Nor did we sue, in fierce, hot rivalry,
The selfsame maiden's love. In simplest sport,
For some poor nestlings taken in our toils,
We wrestled as in combat ; limb with limb
Was intertwined, and life's o'erflowing strength
Delighting in the outlet, when it chanced
The hunting-knife that hung upon my side
Slipped from its sheath, and lo ! a sudden cry ;
The red blood flowed ; the arm released its grasp ;
The lips in vain essayed to frame the speech
Of one who dies in peace, forgiving all ;
And then within my arms I held a corpse,
And stood, in sight of all, a fratricide.
I might not stay within my father's house ;
I might not come within my mother's gaze ;
Nor with my presence mar the joys of men ;
Nor desecrate the temple of the gods.
And so I fled, and from the mountain heights
Looked on the towers I ne'er might see again,
And took my way to Sardis.

Crœsos there
Was king, and far and wide among the lands
Which Halys waters spread his princely fame.

No monarch from the loins of Gyges sprung
Had reached his height of power, and pride, and praise,
And, basking in the sunshine of success,
His joy was cloudless. And the gods on high,
Who sway the chance and change of human things,
He worshipped with a proud magnificence
They found not elsewhere. Ancient oracles,
At Abœ or Dodona, or where frown
The towers of Delphi over Pythian shrine,
He honoured with his tripods and his lamps
Of silver, gold inwrought. And so I came
To him as one who might the gods appease,
And cleanse me from my guiltiness of blood ;
And he, with lordly, mild benignity,
Received me as his guest and suppliant,
My guilt and shame the passport to his love,
The love that springs from pity, turned not back
In proud disdain or horror, wrought all rites
That sinner needs for pardon, poured the stream
Of lustral waters o'er the blood-stained hands,
And from a vase of bronze uplifted high
Libations offered to Persephone,
And her dread partner on the throne of Hell,
Of honey mixed with water ; then, with voice
Half hushed to silence, spake the prayer that saves,

And turns the dread Erinnys from her prey ;
And so I rose with somewhat more of peace,
And, though the sunlight of my life was gone,
I passed from out the blackness of the night,
The darkness peopled with a spectral crowd,
To clearer twilight, and a roseate glow
Lit up the clouds that would not pass away.

Nor failed the monarch's kindness when he learned
The whole sad story,—for at first he asked
No questions as to birth and parentage,—
But when he knew me born the heir of kings
Who rule o'er Phrygia, then, with royal grace
And princely smile, he welcomed me, and gave
His pledge to shelter. Atys too, the heir
Of Lydia's throne, was frank and kind with me,
And not a man of all that served the king
But looked on me with pity. Most of all
That boy both deaf and voiceless, on whose ear
The lark's sweet song and thunder-roar alike
Fell powerless, and whose lips had never framed
One human utterance, he grew fond of me,
And partly that I was his father's friend,
And partly that with sharpened sense he saw
The sadness that hung o'er me, he would use

His tender arts to gladden and console,
Would lay cool hand on hot and fevered brow,
Would bring the first sweet rose of all the spring,
Or guide me through the mazes of the wood
To where the waters from their cavern flow,
And stream in brightness over sands of gold.

So passed the days, and little recked the king
Of those forebodings, which, in days of old,
The Athenian sage had spoken, when he came
And placed above the king's magnificence
The low estate of peasants who had lived
Their simple lives, and, full of years, had died
In peace and honour, and his warning gave
Of the dim, doubtful future whose grey mists
Shroud all the far-off distance. True, at times
The sky grew dark with threatenings of a storm,
And omens of a greater woe to come
Broke on us, and the oracles obscure
Gave presage of disaster. To the heir
Of Lydia's throne, young Atys, they foretold
Death by a spear's sharp point, and presage gave
That it would be an evil hour and sad,
When that deaf mute should ope his lips in speech.

And soon another portent! Rumours spread

Of monstrous boar that laid the corn-fields waste,
And desolate the vineyards. With fierce eye
And sharpest tusks he baffled all attacks,
And neither huntsman's spear with brazen head,
Nor fiercest dogs, could stay him, but he rushed,
And laid them low, and rent and mangled them,
And trampled with his feet. From hill and vale
The frightened dwellers of each village-town
Flocked in to Sardis, and, as though a foe
Came with invading army, youths and men
Were banded in a goodly company,
Bound by strong oaths, and hot with warriors' fire,
To save the country. Even Atys felt
His spirit stirred within him. Long unused
To shout of war, or clang of spear and shield,
Like that Assyrian lord of Nineveh,
He dwelt within the chamber of his bride,
And rode in stately chariot. So the king
Had thought to cheat the voice oracular,
And rob it of fulfilment. But the pulse
Of his young heart beat quickly, and he craved
To be among his equals, join their chase,
With all its fierce, wild mimicry of war,
Hear the dogs baying and the trumpet's call.
And so he pleaded, "Nay, my father, nay;
Deny me not. Far off the danger now;

The wild boar fights not with the point of spear.
Had any other word but that been named,
Or 'tusk' or 'tooth,' or 'trampled under foot,'
Or 'crushed to death,' good cause had been for fear;
But now we meet no foeman's dread array,
No armèd warriors hurl their darts at us,
And it were shame, through false and coward doubt,
That I, thy son, and of thy throne the heir,
When all the youths are stirred to high emprise,
Should idly sit, like maiden at her loom,
And hear far off the echoes of their shouts,
The mirth of their loud triumph."
And the king,
Too soon persuaded, did not say him nay;
And yet his heart misgave him, and a thrill
Passed o'er him, as a cold wind from a cave
Strikes on the wanderer in a lonely land,
And so he called me to him, spake to me
(Then for the first time touching on the past),
And for the kindness he had shown to me,
The shelter and the peace that he had given.
The reverence due to Zeus, whom host and guest
Own as their common Lord,—by all of these
He charged me to watch o'er his Atys well,
And guard his life from evil. "Ah, my friend,

In him there dwells my kingdom's only hope,
A father's only joy. That poor dumb boy
Can rule no kingdom, hold no sceptred sway ;
His very slaves neglect him ; and should war
Fall on my land, and menace all my state,
I dare not send my Atys to the field,
Lest ill befall him, and my grey hairs pass
With sorrow to the grave. But, as it is,
He shares my counsels, knows my schemes and thoughts,
And from the palace where he dwells, could guide
The march of armies. Take thou then good heed
That in this chase of thine thou guard him well
From lawless robbers or our nation's foes,
Should such attack thee."

Then we tracked our way
To where the monster wallowed in his lair,
And many a youth was flushed with eager joy,
And many a man was fired with rage and hate,
And the dogs rushed, as eager for the fray,
Up through the valley where the winding stream
Takes its fair course through meadows bright with flowers,
Up through the vineyards and the olive-grounds,
Where sight of trampled vines, and clusters crushed,
Not in the wine-press, kindled heat of wrath,

Up through the forest where the moss grew deep,
And resinous fragrance breathed from dusky pine.
And so we gained the moorland wide outspread,
Then purpled o'er with heather, and drew near
The monster's dwelling. On the winds there came
A sound that made us shudder ; then a rush
Through reed and grass that rustled as he trod,
And then he stood before us, grisly form,
Fire of brute anger burning in his eyes,
White foam of fury hanging on his lips,
His tusks thrust out for slaughter.
And we quailed,
The stoutest souls among us, at the sight ;
But soon took heart, and marched with ordered tread.
And then there came the attack ; a cloud of spears
Fell on the bristly hide. The dogs, spurred on
By shouts and cheers, seized on his legs and flanks,
But spears fell blunted, impotent to wound,
And dogs were torn and trampled in the dust ;
And still he kept his ground. And then, at last,
A fierce blind rush of men and dogs at once,
And Atys with them, and I saw him lead
His army to that battle, and the boar
Made at him, and ere speech could frame a cry
To warn him of his danger, he had stood
As face to face with death. And I, in haste

To save him from his peril, forward rushed
And hurled my spear. And oh, the accursèd hour!
Some dread Erinnys turned the point aside,
And with death winged it. Then, upon the ground,
A sudden pallor spread o'er face and brow,
He fell, the life-blood gushing from his side,
And rapid faintness hindered sound of words,
And one sweet smile just played o'er quivering lips,
And then he sank. A second time I stood,
With one whose soul was dearer than mine own,
In mine arms dying. Little recked I then
That clouds of spears brought down the monster brute,
And dogs devoured him. Mine the dreary task
To close the eyes that now no longer saw,
To set the stiffening limbs in order meet,
And bear the lifeless body of the son
To meet the father's gaze. It had been joy
To hear the curse of passionate despair,
The fierce invective. That which broke my heart
Was the calm speech, the agony controlled,
The pity conquering woe. As though he felt
My burden greater even than his own,
He met me with the grasp of greeting hands,
And loving glance of friend, and gentle words,
As when of old he cleansed me from my guilt

And took me to his home. And thus he struck
The blow that went right down to inmost life,
And heaped his coals of fire upon my head ;
And lo! my pain is more than I can bear.
What now to me is life but misery,
The anguish of a doom inevitable?
As one who walks plague-stricken, and who knows
He spreads the evil taint by breath or touch,
So walk I on the earth, and scatter death
On those whom most I love. And I must choose,
Or to go forth from cities where men dwell,
And choose my habitation in the wild,
My only friends the panther and the bear,
Like him[1] who nine long years in Lemnos bore
His cheerless, lonely sorrow,—nursing still
A woe no time can soothe me to forget,
Or else to face,—and end,—all ills at once,
And give the gods full payment. It may be
Rash word, chance-spoken, has provoked their wrath,
Or ancient sin of some far ancestor
Still calls for vengeance, and my life must clear
The forfeit due. It may be I shall find
The powers that rule in Hades gentler far
Than we on earth have dreamed of. They, per-
chance,

[1] Philoctetes.

Will own the love that prompts the sacrifice,
And give me kindly welcome. It may be
That at His hands who rules the shadowy world
I may find lustral waters, cleansing rites,
Which now no king of men could give to me,
And taste, not joy, but something of the calm
I knew in childhood's slumbers. Not for me
The dazzling brightness where the heroes sit,
And quaff their wine at banquets of the gods,
Nor yet the pleasant fields of asphodel,
And valleys of fair waters. But to drink
Of Lethe's stream, and blot from memory
The ever-haunting crimson of the blood,
The ever-vexing faces of the slain,
The thought of all the evil I have caused,
The woe that I have suffered, and to dwell
In some calm land of shadows, and behold
Those whom I slew rejoicing in the light,
And watch them in their bright apparelling,
And catch their pitying, pardoning glance at me;
This I may hope for. And the king shall know
That I, who failed to guard his son from death,
Will do the deed of judgment on myself,
And, if it may be, turn aside the wrath
Our seers have seen approaching. Lead me forth

Ere the wild cry from lips of wailers sounds:
In sight of all men, yea, in sight of gods,
With that same weapon which my Atys slew,
I offer up myself a sacrifice.

The Emperor and the Pope.

I.

TRAJAN.

THROUGH haughty Rome's imperial street
The mighty Emperor rode,
And frankincense and spices sweet
In silver censers glowed;
In car of state erect he stood,
And round him, rushing like a flood,
The people poured with shout and song,
And every eye of all that throng
Gazed on him with delight;
For he had triumphed, far and wide,
Had sated Rome's o'er-grasping pride,
And, laying captive nations low,
Now dragged the pale and trembling foe,
Bent down in sore affright.
And still before him opened far
The pathways for his conquering star,

More crowns of world-wide fame to win,
'Mid shouts of warriors, battle's din.
One triumph scarcely o'er, he spurned
The laurel-wreaths so hardly earned,
And still his fevered spirit burned
New realms, new worlds to gain.

And now his legions on he led,
Legions that ne'er from foe had fled,
The glory of his reign,
To reap new harvests in the field
Where all faced death, but none would yield ;
When lo! from out the exulting crowd,
Her voice half-drowned by plaudits loud,
A woman rushed, bent low with years,
Grey-haired, and weeping blinding tears ;
With eager cry and outstretched hand,
As one who might a king command,
She caught the Emperor's eye, and stayed
The progress of that proud parade.
"Ah, Lord!" she cried ; "on thee I call,
On bended knees before thee fall,
Implore, beseech thee ; let not might,
All ruthless, triumph over right.
I had a son, my only boy,
My heart's delight, my pride and joy,

Fair-haired, bright-eyed, a sunbeam clear
That made it summer all the year.
In that pure boyhood, free from stain,
His father grew to life again;
And he, O Sire, in bloom of youth,
Flushed with high courage, strong in truth,
Now lies all stiff and cold in death,
And never more shall living breath
Warm limbs and heart again.
And lo! the murderer standeth there,
His proud lip curling in the air,
As if he scorned my wild despair
For him his hand hath slain.
See, still he smiles that evil smile,
Half-lust, half-hate, thrice vilely vile,
As knowing well the dark disgrace
That hangs o'er all of Abraham's race,
As knowing well the Christian's name
Makes him who bears it marked for shame,
And counting still a Christian's prayer
An idle rending of the air.
But thou, O Prince, the true, the just,
To whom the blood, from out the dust,
For vengeance cries in murmurs loud,
Like mutterings from the thunder-cloud,

Thou wilt not scorn the widow's cry,
Nor let her voice be heard on high,
Accusing thee of wrong;
Not yet her plaint ascends with theirs,
Who cry beneath God's altar-stairs,
'How long, O Lord, how long?'
There still is time to do the right,
Time to put forth thy kingly might,
That man of pride and blood to smite."

Then turned his head that Emperor just,
As faithful to his kingly trust,
As one sore grieved, yet strong of will
Each task of duty to fulfil;
And to that widow sad and lorn,
By care and grief and anguish worn,
With knitted brow and stedfast face,
Thus spake his words of princely grace:
"Know, weeping mother, know, thy prayer
By day and night my thoughts shall share;
My eye shall search the secret guilt,
And track the blood thy foe hath spilt;
No depth of shade, no length of time
Shall hide the felon, stained with crime.
Long since, men know, I spake full clear,
And stayed the blast which many a year

Had filled the Christians' hearts with fear.
I would not welcome vain report ;
In daylight clear, in open court,
Let those who will their charges prove,
And so let justice onward move ;
And shame it were that I should shrink,
Through fear what rich or proud may think,
From words of truth and deeds of power,
The outcome of the judgment hour.
All this shall be ; but now the day
Leads on to battle far away.
The foes are fierce on Ister's stream ;
The helms of thousand warriors gleam ;
And we must war with spear and shield
By leaguered fort, on tented field ;
Must bear the scorching heat or frost,
In desert wild, on rock-bound coast,
Until, at length, the battle won,
Each task fulfilled, each duty done,
We turn our steps once more for home,
And rest in peace in lordly Rome.
Yes: then shall every deed of shame
In daylight clear bear fullest blame,
No wrong escape the sentence true,
All evil pay the forfeit due.

Till then be patient ; every hour
Will dull the edge of suffering's power ;
The months pass onward, quick they flee ;
Then bring thy prayer once more to me."

"Ah, Prince!" the widow made her moan,
"Too true, the hours speed on and on ;
To-day flits by while yet we speak ;
To-morrow's dawn in vain we seek.
Do right at once. Who dare foretell
The issue of thy warfare fell?
Who knows but I may still abide
While thou on Thracia's plains hast died?
Or thou returning, conqueror proud,
May'st find me mouldering in my shroud?
Delay not, shrink not ; do the right,
Or else e'en thou, in all thy might
May'st stand, all shivering with affright,
Before the throne of endless light."

She spake, and then great Trajan's heart
Was moved to choose the better part ;
He stayed his march ; a night and day
Halted that army's proud array ;
He tracked the secret guilt of blood,
Though high in state the murderer stood,

And rested not till doom was done,
As rose the next day's blood-red sun ;
And thus, in face of earth and heaven,
His pledge in act and word was given,
That great or small, or bond or free,
Before his throne should equal be,
Heathens and Christians all confess
His power to punish or to bless,
The might of truth and righteousness.

II.

GREGORY.

The days were evil ; skies were dim,
When slowly walked with prayer and hymn,
Through stately street and market wide,
Where emperors once had ridden in pride,
Far other band than legions strong,
Raising far other battle-song.
In sackcloth clad, with dust besprent,
Men, women, children, onward went ;
Each band, by white-robed elder led,
Marched on with reverent, measured tread ;
And still, at every sacred shrine,
In presence of the Might divine,
With head uncovered, downcast eye,
They sang their seven-fold litany :

"Hear us, O God of heaven and earth,
Thou Lord of sorrow and of mirth,
Thou worker of the second birth,
Hear us, O Lord, and save:
From plague and famine, fire and sword,
From Pagans fierce and foes abhorred,
From death and hell, O gracious Lord,
From darkness and the grave:
Have mercy, Lord, on man and beast,
Mercy, from greatest to the least;
Be all from bonds of sin released,
Set free the captive slave:
O Lord, have mercy!" so they sang,
And through the air those accents rang,
Like sad sweet song of midnight breeze
Whispering soft music to the trees,
"*O miserere, Domine.*"
Fathers and children, youth and maid,
Their eager supplication made;
And e'en from bridegroom and from bride
The same sad music rose and died,
"*O miserere, Domine.*"
And last of all, no emperor now,
With orient diadem on his brow,
No triumph car bedecked with gold,
No purple chlamys' drooping fold,

But one, arrayed in garment white,
His face with gleam unearthly bright,
As one to whom the heavens all night
Their glory had revealed;
A smile through all the sorrow shone,
That told of peace, and victory won,
A fight well fought, a race well run,
And God his strength and shield.

So marched Gregorius, ruler sage,
Great glory of Rome's later age;
And next him came, with golden hair,
That floated wildly to the air,
With clear blue eyes and cheeks that showed
How fresh and full the young life glowed,
A troop of boys, whose unshod feet
Kept measured time to voices sweet.
Angli were they, from far off shore,
Where loud the northern surges roar,
Rescued from wrath, and sin, and shame,
Worthy to bear an angel's name.
These, crouching erst in brute despair,
Like wolf's young whelps in mountain lair,
Fettered and bound, and set for sale,
Each with his own sad untold tale,
The good Gregorius saw:

Some thought on home in distant isles,
A father's love, a mother's smiles;
Some feared the scourge, the bond-slave's name,
And some their doom of foulest shame,
And throbs of anguish rent their frame,
With power to touch and awe.

He saw and pitied; gems and gold,
From out the Church's treasures old,
In fullest tale of weight he told,
And gave their price, and set them free,
Heirs of Christ's blessed liberty.
And now they followed, slow and calm,
Each bearing branch of drooping palm,
Each lifting high a taper's light,
And clad in vestments pure and white;
And they, with voices soft and slow,
As streams 'mid whispering reeds that flow,
Still sang in mournful melody
That sad, unchanging litany,
"*O miserere, Domine.*"

So onward still they moved; at last
By Trajan's forum old they passed,
And there the memories of the place,
The tale of that imperial grace,

Flashed on Gregorius' mind, and led,
Ere yet the sunset glow had fled,
To strange new thoughts about the dead.
"Ah me!" he sighed, nor stayed from tears;
"Is he, whose name all Rome reveres,
The just, the true, the warrior brave,
Firm to his trust and strong to save,—
Is he where souls to darkness flit,
Gehenna's flames, the unfathomed pit?
Thy Name, O Lord, he had not known;
His knee ne'er bent before Thy throne.
He lived his life, through change and chance,
In darkness and in ignorance,
And ne'er, O God, Thy dread decree
His wandering steps led on to Thee.
And so he dwells, throughout the years,
Where neither sun nor star appears,
And all around is still the same,
One dreary waste of quenchless flame.
And must his doom, O Lord, be this,
That changeless future of the abyss?
Is there no hope for him whose will
Was bent all duty to fulfil,
Whose eye, discerning, saw aright
The false how foul, the true how bright?

He, Lord, had pity, so they tell,
On that poor child of Israel ;
He heard the widow's anguished prayer,
And left her not to her despair.
And wilt Thou leave him, Lord, to bear
That doom eternal, full of fear ?
Are prayers all powerless to atone
And bring the wanderers to the Throne ?
Ah, Lord ! whose pitying love ne'er spurned
The vilest, when to Thee they turned,
Whose glance, with gentle, pardoning eyes,
Where love was blended with surprise,
Looked on Rome's captain, Zidon's child,
And then, in accents low and mild,
Owned that their faith was nobler found
Than aught that sprang on Israel's ground,
And said'st that from the East and West
A countless host should share Thy rest,—
Wilt Thou not blot that just one's name
From out Thy book of doom and shame,
And write it in the record white
Of those who stand as sons of light ?
My prayer, at least, shall rise for him,
By night and day, in chant and hymn ;
For him I ask, on bended knee,
O miserere, Domine."

So spake the grey-haired saint, and lo!
As o'er his sleep the shadows flow,
There came, in visions of the night,
The form of One divinely bright
(The nail-prints still in hands and feet),
And spake in music low and sweet:
"Fear not, thou wise and true of heart;
Fear not from narrowing thoughts to part:
And did'st thou feel the pain of love?
Could one soul's doom thy pity move?
And shall not mine flow far and wide,
As ocean spreads his boundless tide?
Is my heart cold when thine is warm?
Not so! cast off thy false alarm:
The man thou pray'st for dwells with me,
Where true light shines, and shadows flee.
The sins that sprang from life's ill chance,
Deeds of those times of ignorance,
These God hath pardoned. Just and right,
He owns all souls that loved the light,
And leads them, step by step, to know
The source from whence all good things flow.
Though yet awhile, in twilight rest,
They wait, as souls but partly blest,—
Though grief for all the evil past
The opening joy of Heaven o'ercast,—

Though still the crucial fire must pain,
Till dross be purged, and cleansed each stain,—
Yet doubt not, trust my Father's will
As just and good and loving still.
For those who sought the light, and strove
To keep the eternal law of Love;
For those who knew Me not, yet tried
To live for them for whom I died;
For all who upward, onward press,
In reverent fear and lowliness;
For all who give to child or saint
A cup of water as they faint,—
For these be sure that all is well,
I hold the keys of Death and Hell."

1865.

NOTE.

The popularity of the story thus told, as meeting the cravings for the wider hope which were repressed but not extinguished by the mediæval theology which had its starting-point in the teaching of Augustine, is seen (1) by its prominence in the life of St. Gregory, as given in the *Golden Legend* (fol. xxxvii.), where the answer to the Pope's prayer is given in a form that deserves special notice.

"Thenne answerd a voys fro God, sayng : I have now herd thy prayer, and have spared Tragan fro the payne perpetuelly. By thys thus, as somme saye, the payne perpetuell due to Tragan as a mescreaint ('unbeliever') was somedele taken awaye, but for all that was he not quyte from the pryson of helle : for the sowle may well be in helle, and fele there no payne, by the mercy of God."

(2) By the equal prominence given to it in the "Vision of Piers Ploughman" (6860–6890), the great storehouse of the freer thoughts that were struggling in the minds of Englishmen in the fourteenth century, with the noticeable addition that the Pagan Emperor was saved

> "Nought through preiere of a Pope,
> But for his pure truth."

(3) A yet nobler representative of mediæval thought is found in the great Florentine poet, who for the most part accepts the condemnation of the heathen, because unbaptized, with an unpitying coldness. I quote the story as told by him in the *Purgatorio* (x. 73–93) from an unpublished translation.

" There was wrought out the glory great and high
Of that great prince of Rome whose excellence
Gregorius moved to his great victory
(To Trajan, Emperor, I this praise dispense),

And a poor widow stood beside his rein,
Bowed down with many a tear and grief intense ;
And round about him 'twas all thronged with train
Of mounted knights, and eagles all of gold,
In the wind fluttering, glittered clear and plain.
Among them all that wretched woman told
Her tale, so seemed it, 'I for vengeance call
For my son's death that turns my heart's blood cold.'
And he replied, 'Wait thou till it befall
That I return ;' and she, 'Nay, good my lord,'
Answered as one with grief impatient all,
'If thou return not' . . . 'Who comes next,' his word
So ran, 'will do it for thee.' She, 'The good
Of others will not help thee, when 'tis heard
That thou thine own neglectest.' 'Let thy mood,'
Said he, 'be glad : at once the right I do ;
So justice wills ; me pity hath subdued.'"

The tale is carried to its close when Dante finds the soul of Trajan in Paradise, and seeks to reconcile the salvation of the Emperor with the traditional dogma of the schoolmen by an ingenious variation from the popular version of the story. Trajan, as

he tells the tale, had been actually restored to life, and the soul had come back to the body, and so there was an opportunity given for faith in Christ, and for the baptism without which salvation was impossible.

" The glorious soul of whom I tell the praise,
Returning to his flesh for briefest hour,
Believed in Him who could direct his ways,
And so, believing, glowed with fiery power
Of love unfeigned, that, when he died again,
He was thought worthy of this blissful bower."

Parad. xx. 112–116.

Vasadavatta.[1]

A BUDDHIST IDYLL.

WHERE proud Mathoura rears her hundred towers,
Spreads wide her markets, and through stately streets
Pours the full tide of pilgrims to her shrines,—
Princes and merchants, peasant churls and poor,
Youth in its prime, and age with weary feet,—
Vasádavatta dwelt. Her beauty drew

[1] The story upon which this poem is based is found in St. Hilaire, *Le Bouddha et sa Religion*, Part I. c. 3.

The eyes of all men, as the full moon draws
The waters of the ocean, swayed the tides
And pulses of their life, and at her feet
They bowed in homage. Raven black her hair;
Her eyes, as in a lambent sea of light,
Shone with rich lustre, and the opening rose
Looked pale beside the vermeil of her cheek,
And youth's fresh life ran warm through every vein.
All charms were hers, of motion and of rest,
Quick glance, lithe limbs, and many a wreathèd smile:
But one chief charm was absent; not for her
The freshness of the morning dews of youth,
The stainless purity of maiden souls,
But smiles were sold, caresses had their price,
And the poor slaves who sought to win her grace
She robbed of fame and fortune.
And it chanced
She sent her handmaid to the traders' mart,
Where all rich produce of the East and West
Met in one centre, thence to bring her home
Or costly pearls, or perfumes rich and rare,
Or raiment gold-embroidered. And she went,
And evermore came back with fullest store
Of all her mistress asked for, and with face
Of one rejoicing in a task achieved,

She brought them back; and, when they questioned
her
What made her task so joyous and so quick,
She told them of Dharmàna; merchant he
Of whom she bought her stores, and he was fair,
His face clear shining as the morning star,
And outward beauty was but token true
Of inward goodness. Truth abode with him,
And purity was with him night and day,
And, every sense subdued, he lived his life,
Gave freely to the orphan and the poor;
And day by day his study and delight
Were in the law of Buddha. Fast and prayer,
These cleansed his soul, and never breath of fame
Whispered of taint of spirit or of flesh.

And so Vasádavatta heard of him,
And, drawn by that strong spell of majesty
Which stainless goodness holds o'er fallen souls,
Her heart turned to him. Those that came with gold
To win her smiles, she hated and despised,
Loathed all their gifts, and, as with craving heart,
Seeking for help to rise above herself,
Mingling her passion with her wonted wiles,
She loved the trader. And in vain she sought
To hide that full, strong passion; it must out,

Or else it had consumed her, and the rose
Had faded to the lily. So she wrote,
And sent her letter to the man she loved,
And, writing with the glow of rapturous song,
The melody which love creates, her words
Ran thus in cadence full and musical:

"Come, O beloved one! though thou hast not
known me,
Yet all my soul flows out in love to thee;
Come, make me thine, and in thy heart enthrone me,
And I, thy queen, will as thine handmaid be.

"Come, O beloved one, come! my wreaths of roses
Breathe their soft fragrance in the evening hour;
Come, where the glowing sunset light reposes
On wood and meadow, rivulet and flower.

'Come, O beloved one! let no fear deter thee;
Make glad the heart that fainteth with desire;
Above Earth's best and greatest I prefer thee,
And many waters cannot quench love's fire."

And he, when, line by line, he read the words,
And knew their purpose, thrilled with inward shame,
Now crimson-flushed for very purity,

Now pale with pity for that fallen one,
And then made answer, "Go; thy mistress tell,
'The time for me to see her is not yet.'"

But the fierce love Vasádavatta felt
Could not be vanquished. Joy of life was gone;
The gifts and praise of men were naught to her;
Weary and pining she abode at home;
A paleness spread upon her vermeil cheek,
A shadow dimmed the brightness of the eye,
And once again she poured her heart in words,
And sent her song of love; and thus it ran:

"Come, O beloved one! tarry thou no longer,
Lose not the tide that flows to love's full sea;
Come, O beloved one! love grows hourly stronger;
Lo, with full heart I give myself to thee.

'I ask no gift of sapphires in their glory,
No orient pearls, or rubies fair to see,
No heaped-up treasures of an ancient story;
Lo, with full heart I give myself to thee.

"Poor though thou be, in lowly cottage dwelling,
Thou mak'st me thine, and earlier visions flee;
Thy star arises, other stars excelling;
Come, linger not; I give myself to thee."

But he, once more, with sudden, shuddering thrill,
As though the touch of some strange beast unclean
Came near him, to the handmaid turned again,
And gave his answer: "Nay, my sister, nay;
The time for me to see thee is not yet."
And then he turned to Buddha's wisdom high,
Prayed without ceasing, did each task-work well,
And bought and sold in singleness of heart;
And so his life passed on from step to step,
Towards the throne of Buddha, and the crown
Of Wisdom's pure Not-being, which is one
With life's completeness.

But the passion strong
Which swayed Vasádavatta's inmost soul,
Left her no peace, and, turning on itself,
Stung her to madness. Frenzy seized on her,
And for the winning smiles and soft caress
Men praised her for of old, came sudden rage,
The tiger's fierceness with the tiger's grace,
And wild, blind, maddening fury. And at last,
In jealousy, or scorn, or fear of scorn,
Or wrath at jealous doubt, she took the life
Of one who wooed her, plunged the sharp blade in
With demon strength, and, caring not to hide
The deed of hate, was taken and condemned,
Red-handed, as a murderess. Not for her

The murderer's death, the sudden stroke of steel,
Or tightening of the cords, but hideous pain
And vilest torture. Bleeding, maimed, and shamed,
All beauty gone, she crouched in agony,
With not one feature left that men had loved,
And, like a wild beast hunted to despair,
Took refuge in the dwellings of the dead.

And the dark tidings fell upon the ear
Of young Dharmàna; and a pity rose,
Divinely strong, within him. 'Could he leave
That soul to perish in the night of death?
Might he not come with power to heal and save,
And, like skilled leech, with rare medicaments,
Bind up the bleeding wounds of tortured heart,
And cicatrize the ulcerous soul within?
"Yes, sister, yes," so spake he with himself,
"The time is come for me to see thee now."

So went he forth, as shepherd goes to seek
The sheep the wolf leaves mangled, half-devoured,
And found Vasádavatta crouching down,
Low moaning by a grave. She heard his step,
And, with some traces of the old life left,
Veiled from his sight those features foul to see,
And with low voice, half-sinking in despair,

Thus spake : " Ah, wherefore comest thou to me,
Who would'st not come before, when smiles were
mine,
Smiles, and bright eyes, and braided hair, and lips
That made soft music ? Then it had been joy
For thee to look on me ; and ah ! for me
Rapture to see thee near me. Now I fear
To show thee all the hideousness within ;
There is no more delight or joy in me ;
Leave me to die."
" Nay," spake he, " sister mine,
Rouse thee to live ; thy death is gone from thee ;
The death of evil life and base desire,
The strong deceit that mocked thee with the shows
Of golden pleasure. Now, deprived of all,
Sense dropping from thee, cautery of pain
Cleansing the proud flesh of the ulcerous soul,
Thy way is open ; take one upward step
To thy true life. It needs not many years,
Nor discipline of schools, nor lengthened prayers,
Nor golden alms ; all these are meet and right,
Pathways that lead us upward from the earth ;
But one pure craving after Wisdom's self,
One act of faith in Wisdom's power to heal,
Excels them all ; and sorrow's bitter tears
And hatred of the past may cleanse thee yet,

And bear thee onward, as on eagle's wings,
To where all pain and pleasure, life and death,
Lie far beneath. Ah, sister! can'st thou take
That one step now?"
She answered not a word;
But a faint gleam shot out of glazèd eye,
And, as soft music to a wailing child,
So came his words to her; and claspèd hands
Told of strong strivings of the struggling heart,
The panting of the bird within its cage,
And then—one sharp, shrill cry,—and she was dead.

Nirvana.

I.

ANTICIPATIONS.

YES, the long strife is o'er;
At last I reach the shore;
The waves and billows all are overpast;
Each step I upward gained,
Each conflict I sustained,
Has its due meed of blessing at the last.

Vigil and fast were right;
They raised me out of night;
Each came with power to purify and bless;

But now, as crown of all,
The cold, dark shadows fall ;
I sink and fail in utter Nothingness.

Oh, bliss beyond compare!
With neither joy nor care ;
Hushed every sound of harmony or strife ;
The consciousness intense
Of losing every sense,
Not-being with the memory of life.

Just as in haschisch dreams
The rapture highest seems,
When visions glorious yield to slumbers deep,
So, through all time's expanse,
The soul's ecstatic trance
Finds its full joy in everlasting sleep.

Just as when music floats,
Its softest, sweetest notes,
Half hushed to silence, thrill through ear and brain,
So the intensest bliss
Is when we know but this,
Know we are not, and feel nor joy nor pain.

All good deeds done to man,
Since first our work began,
These lie behind, and memory tells of none ;
In calm Nirvana's day
They melt and pass away ;
Who counts the milestones when the goal is won?

As, when in ocean's wave
The raindrop finds a grave,
It fears no more the storm-winds and the heat,
So shall each separate soul
Plunge in the boundless Whole,
And find a peace eternal and complete.

For dreary were the range
Through Being's boundless change,
Base forms of brute, or lower births of man ;
What profit is there found
In all that varying round,
To end at last as poor as we began?

Of what avail to wage
Our war with weary age,
Bent limbs, dim eyes, weak brain, and failing breath,

Through each new form of life
To know the same vain strife,
And taste a thousand times the bitterness of death?

But oh, the rapture deep
Of that entrancèd sleep,
When Wisdom numbs the still disturbing sense;
When every voice is hushed,
And o'er the soul has rushed
Nirvana's flood of Nothingness intense.

Far better to be nought
Than live thus overwrought,
Deceived, and mocked, and captive led, and blind;
Far better Nothingness
Than all this sore distress,
Where sense and matter crush the aspiring mind.

And is this then the end?
And does our bliss depend
On knowing that we are not what we seem?
Is there no purer joy
That nothing shall destroy,
A sleep in which we dream not that we dream?

Is this for all who live
The best boon Heaven can give,—
To enter on the drear and shadowy Night?
To feel the boundless void,
Where Being lies destroyed,
And self is lost in Nothing infinite?

Were it not better far
To know not that we are,
To lose the very sense of Being's pain,
Than still to watch the spark
Of life through all the dark,
And tremble lest it kindle once again?

Yes, the true Wisdom's way,
The only perfect day,
Is pure Not-being, Nothing absolute,
The dark abyss profound,
Where comes nor light nor sound,
And all that was lies motionless and mute.

II.

POSSIBILITIES.

So spake I, and the shadows fell;
The darkness brooded overhead,
I dreamt that I to all was dead,
And then—that Nothing proved a Hell.

That spark rekindled and became
  The one vast world in which I dwelt;
  And through long æons still I felt
The darkness and the scorching flame.

The whole great past of life unrolled,
  And with the loss of pleasant sense,
  The spirit's pain grew more intense,
And not one power had waxen old.

From out the long-forgotten days,
  They thronged around me, deeds unjust,
  Each word untrue, each thought of lust,
Each craving after man's poor praise.

I dared not turn to where the cloud
  Was flushed with glory from the Throne:
  Had I not willed to die alone,
And take the darkness as my shroud?

Self-centred all my life had been;
  I turned from acts of self-less love,
  And now was impotent to move
One step towards the Love unseen.

And men, from whom, in pride of heart,
The apathy of cold disdain,
Lest I should share their weary pain,
I, seeking wisdom, dwelt apart—

Men now, through all that æon vast,
Had vanished, and no answer gave,
When I with groans and tears would crave
Their pardon for the self-bound past.

I heard no word from human lip;
I met no glance from human eye;
And hope died out with bitter cry,
In self's accurs'd companionship.

Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars were there,
To break the silence of the night;
Throughout that dread, dark Infinite,
There came no breath of morning air.

Birds sang no songs of matin cheer;
No flowers oped bells of varied hue;
No sky spread wide its depth of blue,
To make the gloom of death less drear.

It was not night, it was not day ;
No summer came on heels of spring ;
The chance and change the seasons bring,
All this with life had passed away.

Thick mists o'erspreading swamp and fen,
And tainted air from marsh and bog,
The cold chill damp of sunless fog,
The darkness of a robber's den ;—

All these are distant types and poor
Of that drear blank of changeless mood,
Where, through the eternal solitude,
The spirit waits at closèd door.

To feel the stagnant life grow cold,
Weak pulse of good wax feebler still,
To lose the primal power of will,
The vision clear we knew of old ;—

To feel all this, and know we reap
The bitter fruit of evil seed,
While none is there to intercede,
And still their watch the avengers keep.

And sleep brings neither peace nor rest,
No freshening for an after-strife;
The one bare negative of life,
Which leaves us to our dreams unblest,—

Dreams of the time when yet we kept
The freshness of our earlier youth,
When yet the love of God and Truth
Was with us as we woke and slept;

Dreams of kind smiles that welcome gave,
And prayers we spake with claspèd hands,
And wanderings over far-off lands,
And true tears shed o'er grass-grown grave;

Dreams of all good we might have done,
Of all the evil that we did;
The memories full of pain, that bid
The long-dead past its course re-run;

And this great blank, this haunting fear,
This strong, unsatisfied desire,—
What is it but the ETERNAL FIRE,
The OUTER DARKNESS, dread and drear?

The Martyr.

A SCENE UNDER THE EMPEROR DECIUS.

See, they lead him from his dungeon,
Bent with age and cramped with fetters;
And around his limbs his raiment
Hangs in scanty folds and tattered.
White his hair with years and sorrow,
Worn his face with pain and watching;
But his eyes still keep their brightness,
And his spirit knows no terror,
Though around him whispered murmurs
Tell of coming death and torture.

Dark-browed sophists, priests and soldiers,
Servants of the mighty Cæsar;
Men who bow before their idols,
Jove or Neptune or Quirinus;
Slaves who own no God but Mammon,
Doubters, of all creeds long weary,—
These are joined in league against him;
For they know their craft endangered,
Know that in him dwells a spirit,
Mighty, loving, strong to conquer,
Which will war against their falsehood,
Till their shrines are all deserted,

And through temple's shattered columns
Roam, for throng of eager pilgrims,
Dog and wolf, and pard and panther;
Blow, for clouds of wafted incense,
Mists and vapours from the marshes.

And he knows it too, that martyr,
Knows it by his life's long story,
Proofs of love and mercy wondrous.
Little recks he what the issue
Of that scene of hot debating,—
Whether, gnashing teeth in frenzy,
They against him rage, reviling,
Or, bowed down in bitter anguish,
Cry aloud to God for pardon;—
Whether he who stands before him,
Frowning, vengeful, and malignant,
Chief accuser, subtlest speaker,
Shall o'ercome him in the judgment,
Or, by God's great might led captive,
Join him in his good confession,—
Join the noble host of martyrs,
White-robed round the Throne of glory.

Little recks he, for he knoweth
God will order all things justly,
Righteous in His wrath or mercy;

But his soul goes up as pleading
For that multitude despiteful,
For the doubters and the seekers,
For the railers and the scorners ;
Praying now, as once prayed Stephen,
When to him the heavens were opened,
And his face was like an angel's,
And in accents faint and broken
He his last words breathed, in pity
For the crowd of scribes and elders,
For the priests the sons of Aaron,
Chiefly for the youth who led them,
Tarsus-born, Gamaliel's pupil,
For the Law and Temple zealous.
And that prayer we know was granted,
And the young Cilician zealot
Felt the might of that entreaty,
Felt new impulse, wondrous yearnings,
Thrills of pity vainly stifled,
Strange misgivings, thoughts perplexing,
Drawings of the Love eternal,
By his will awhile resisted,
Till he too was called and chosen,
Heart and soul at last surrendered,
Chosen as the Lord's Apostle,
Preacher of the great glad tidings.

So a thousand times, we doubt not,
Prayers like his have had like ending;
And the streaming blood of martyrs
Been the seed of glorious harvest.
So the words gain fullest meaning,
"This man soweth, that man reapeth."
But the sower and the reaper,
In the end, rejoice together,
Basking in the light eternal.

The Emperor Hadrian to his Soul.

Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles, dabis jocos.

Poor soul, now fluttering in unrest,
Erewhile caressing and caresst,
Of the body mate and guest,
Whither bound art thou?
Pale and stript and shivering left,
Of old use and wont bereft,
Jests are done with now.

A Silver Wedding Day.

FIVE and twenty summers lie behind you in the past,
Since the solemn words were spoken which made you one for life;
Five and twenty summers, coming slowly, fleeting fast,
Binding still, with links of silver, the husband and the wife.

Joys and griefs in that dim distance now are blended into one,
Each building up the fabric of the love and peace of home;
Rest and labour, health and sickness, have reared it, stone by stone,
And the house shall stand unshaken, though winds beat and waters foam.

And your children guard its portals, and the western skies are clear,
And the voice of joy and gladness is heard within the gate;

For the thoughts that make life bitter have found
no entrance there,
Nor the wail o'er broken idols, nor the cry of doom
"Too late."

Shall the silver pass to golden? Shall faces fresh
and gay
Crown the brows of those we honour with the
dewdrops of their youth?
Shall the after-glow be brighter than the dawn of
orient day,
And the hopes of earlier visions fall short of pre-
sent truth?

Ah! we know not, and we ask not; the times are
in His hand
Who orders all things well for all loving hearts
and true;
And the years shall bring the peace which we cannot
understand,
Life's welcome euthanasia, be they many years or
few.

New Year's Eve.

THE Old Year passeth; let it die,
The loud winds ring its funeral knell,
But soon upon the breeze shall swell,
The notes that speak the New Year nigh.

Old loves, old friendships, let them live,
Grow stronger, purer, every day;
Though all around us fade away,
These still their light and fragrance give.

The doubts and fears and griefs that rise,
Unbidden, from the fount of thought,
The faint, dim memories sorrow-fraught,
That float, like dreams, before our eyes;

Cast them aside, in strength of prayer,
Deep in the Old Year's grave to lie;
The New Year brings a brighter sky,
Its dawning breathes a purer air.

So year to year, in voiceless speech,
Shall tell its tale, as star to star,
And, be the future near or far,
The lore of Love and Truth shall teach.

Then onward, fearless, undismayed
By inner weakness, foes without;
Through rain of tears or mist of doubt.
The Voice still calls, "Be not afraid."

SONNETS, ETC.

Anniversaries.

I.

LONG years have fled, yet still the dawn is bright
  That throws our memory back upon the past,
  And shall be so, while yet our life shall last,
And we are faithful to the Lord of light.
So, when the shadows deepen into night,
  The after-glow shall crimson all the west,
  And we shall welcome, labour ended, rest,
Far-off, where dwell the pure ones, clothed in white.
United still in heart, and aim, and hope,
  We journey by the wells of pleasant land,
And as we climb the hills that heavenward slope,
  Taste of the peace that none may understand ;
And, through life's varied path of change and chance,
We to the goal, with tranquil steps, advance.

Anniversaries.

II.

THOU brightest day of all the year,
We hail thy advent as of yore,
For Time brings blessings more and more,
And gives the love that casts out fear.

The long, long months have passed away,
And wet with tears was many an eye,
But we, through all the grief, descry
The orient hues of God's clear day!

We lose our loved ones, needs must weep,
Who lonely stand on desert shore;
But love abides, not less but more,
With those who in God's shadow sleep.

They see the sun of brighter skies;
They hear the song of angel-voice;
In God's own dawn their souls rejoice,
And theirs the calm of Paradise.

They watch our footsteps in the waste;
  They see us walking, hand in hand,
  O'er pleasant fields or barren sand,
By God's great love and theirs embraced.

We give Thee thanks, Thou Lord of all;
  Thou gavest and Thou tak'st away;
  And year by year, and day by day,
We hear Thy pleading whispers call.

So teach us then to live that Thou
  May'st lead us through the world's hot strife,
  To taste the joy of endless life,
And at Thy throne of glory bow.

Wedding Sonnets.

I.

E. N. AND A. H.

PURE should the Temple be where Love shall dwell,
Founded in Truth and reared in Charity,
And through its windows, open to the sky,
Evening and morn their wondrous tale should tell;
And clearer light, by men invisible,
Should lead the pilgrims through the columned aisle,
Or bid them stay their course and rest awhile,
As He shall will, Who orders all things well.
Into that Temple ye, young souls and true,
Have found your way, with steps sedate and calm,
And Love shall guide you, making all things new,
Content to bear the cross, or wave the palm;
And should the years be many or be few,
Still through its vaults shall ring your joyful psalm.

Wedding Sonnets.

II.

A. N. AND E. H.

YES, take your way upon the path of life,
And do your work while yet 'tis called to-day;
And, as ye start, shall friends devoutly pray
That God may bless the husband and the wife.
Linked are ye now for no ignoble strife,
Conflict with many a foe, without, within,
Tempters that oft a subtle victory win,
And mar the joy with which the dawn was rife:
Yet fear ye not, for they that be with you
Are more and mightier than the powers of ill;
And if ye walk with vision clear and true,
The peace of God your hearts and souls shall fill;
And when the evening falls and shadows lengthen,
New light and hope the heart of age shall strengthen.

Disappointment.

THE dream is past, and waking bids thee weep,
Hope's rose-flushed dawn dies down to cold dull day,
And thou must calmly wait till twilight grey,
Ere thou canst fold thy weary hands to sleep.
Slumber and sorrow, these twin-sisters, keep
Their solemn course amid the paths of night;
Sorrow comes first; next slumber's footfall light;
Then they that sow in tears in joy shall reap.
The broken heart His love will not despise
Who, in His wisdom, orders all things well,
And He shall wipe the tears from mourners' eyes,
And break the glamour of the charmer's spell:
Love yet remains, and, teaching to forgive,
Shall add the harder lesson, how to live.

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

I.

October 22, A.D. 1685.

"YES, let them speed; let war's dread bloodhounds rush,
Slipt from their leash, with bayings fierce and wild;
Let the sword smite the mother and the child;
And streams of blood from slaughtered myriads gush.
The time is come the hated seed to crush
Which buds and burgeons into falsehood's bloom,
When baleful forms that flourish in the gloom,
Must shrink at sight of Judgment's fiery flash.
So shall youth's sins be purged and washed away,
The lust, the pomp, the revel, and the joy;
These few quick strokes my fingers trace to-day
The tongues of priests and poets shall employ;
And far off ages of my praise shall sing,
As one who lived and died a Christian king."

The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

II.

A.D. 1793.

Oh, fool and blind! Behold, behind the veil
The issues of that moment big with wrong;
Hear dread Erinnys chant her dolorous song,
And children's children woes unnumbered wail.
Nor blameless life, nor beauty's charms avail:
Weighed in the balance, all are wanting found,
And the vast fabric totters to the ground,
And all its glory is a thrice-told tale.
Lo! here the end of all thy vaunting pride!
The good seed crushed, the tares have grown apace;
The gates of Hell and Death are opened wide;
Wrath is gone forth, and past the hour of grace:
Time's fiery baptism ends what thus begins,
And France still bears the curse of that day's sins.

Ritualism.

I.

COUNSEL FOR THE PROSECUTION.

THICK clouds from censers waved by fair-haired boys,
The two tall candles lit on either hand,
Prayers in a speech that none can understand,
Bright robes, rich tones, that thrill the sense with joys,
Teaching that neither heart nor brain employs:—
Is it for these we leave our fathers' ways,
Turn to poor pageants of the bygone days,
As though the man should play with childhood's toys?
Shall we not rise and ask for curb of law
To check what else will grow without restraint?
Shall not her voice the stubborn wills o'erawe
That lead the sheep astray and spread the taint?
Surely in vain our martyrs strove and bled,
If forms of errors old their dark spells round us spread.

Ritualism.

II.

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENCE.

NAY, judge not rashly. To their Master they
Or stand or fall, as He discerns aright :
It were ill done to crush with arm of might
Whom He may welcome in His own great day.
Weak souls there are, for whom the Truth's pure ray,
Cloudless and clear, o'ertasks the feebler sight,
Whose spirit craves the softer, broken light
Of rainbow hues that in the sunset play.
Perchance these rites may bring to those who dwell
In the dull life of city's crowded street,
A vision of the glories that excel,
A foretaste of Heaven's harmonies complete.
Be not too quick the strife of forms to end,
Lest thou, against thy will, Christ's little ones offend.

Politics in 1867.

I.

NEMESIS.

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.—Virg. *Æn.* iv. 625.

NOT vain the word : the wheel has come full round,
And Time the Avenger makes his work complete.
Disordered, quailing, see thy foes retreat
From each high fortress of their vantage-ground.
They look for guidance, and no guide is found ;
Divided counsels, terror, doubt, mistrust,
The wisdom of the serpent eating dust,—
These fill each trumpet with uncertain sound ;
But thou, true leader, patient, calm, and brave,
Still keep'st in check the falsehood of extremes,
Thou wilt not rouse old discords from their grave
To cloud the East, where now the day-star gleams.
Oh, let thy presence still be strong to save,
And wake our Senate from bewildering dreams.

Politics in 1867.

II.

DRIFTING.

Successuque acrior ipso,
Prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.—Virg. *Æn.* v. 210.

On, let the good ship reel before the breeze,
Borne on the shifting tides of chance and change;
On to untravelled lands and islands strange,
Atlantis old, or new Hesperides;
On, though no pilot's eye the issue sees,
Charts thrown aside, and helm at random turned,
The crew bewildered, wiser counsel spurned,
And dark clouds gathering o'er the foam-flecked seas.
What matter, so with laugh and jest and jeer
The ship speeds on, nor slackens on her way,
And shouts of many voices shut out fear,
And late-grasped power lives out its little day?
Come good, come ill, we sing, and pipe, and dance,
Slaves of each passing wind of circumstance.

America.

I.

NEW ENGLAND MEMORIES.

FOUR names of honour[1] mark a week of light,—
Names of high place on history's noblest scroll,—
And through the ages as they onward roll
Shall shine like stars in azure vault of night:
First, he who told the tale of tyrant might
That urged the quest of sad Evangeline;
The sage who fearless wrought in Truth's deep mine,
Seeking the Law that orders all things right;
The poet-friend whose clarion voice was heard,
A call to freedom for the toiling slave;
And he whose story many a heart has stirred
To keep the track of statesmen wise and brave;
We may not meet again, yet still the past
For me shall live as long as life shall last.

[1] Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Bancroft.

America.

II.

THE TWO CHURCHES.

CHURCH of the West, in whom we gladly trace
Our Herbert's glowing hope at last fulfilled,[1]
And note, in passion calmed and discord stilled,
The varied likeness of a sister's face;
For thee there stretches far and wide through space
The field of souls that are for harvest white,
And 'tis thy task to call the sons of light
To work as reapers through their Master's grace.
One faith is ours to keep from age to age;
But ye in that old path have forward gone,
And holding still Truth's priceless heritage,
Have cleared the way of many a stumbling-stone:
Ye learned from us our wisdom old and new;
We in our turn at last do well to learn from you.

[1] "Religion doth on tiptoe stand,
Ready to pass to the American strand."
GEORGE HERBERT.

America.

III.

NIAGARA.

GREAT ocean-river, draining half a world,
Now rushing widely from the outspread lake,
Where on the rocks thy waters brightly break ;
Then with one leap in mighty cataract hurled,
A wall of waters, while around are whirled
The seething clouds of vapours from the deep ;
And, arching o'er the dim and perilous steep,
Hope's rainbow hues are, like a flag, unfurled.
Shows our life thus to those Diviner Eyes
That watch its course from far æonian past,
Whence the Time-river fountains take their rise,
And onward rush to darkness dim and vast?
Too dread were that abyss for mortal sight,
Yet resteth also there Hope's iris light.

The Franco-German War.

Cologne, 1870.

SWIFT flow the legions round each vine-clad hill;
Fast fall the sharp strokes of the scourge of God;
And we stand by while yet the Avenger's rod
Moves on, its work—its strange work—to fulfil,
That so, at last, the doers of the ill
May reap the harvest they themselves have sown,
And rage and fear, wild counsels, tottering throne,
Chastise the pride of man's o'ervaulting will.
On, ye whose hands are strong for Truth and Right;
On, till the task is done ye had not planned,
And through the storm-cloud breaks the dawn of light;
Go where God guides, teach nations how to live,
Be strong to punish, stronger to forgive.

The Pantheist's Confession of Faith.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIORDANO BRUNO.

Circa A. D. 1590–1600.

BEGINNING, Cause, the Sempiternal ONE,
Whence being, life, and motion all depend,
And through length, breadth, and farthest deep extend,
All that in heaven, and earth, and hell is known;
Through sense, and mind, and soul to me is shown
What reckoning, act, and measure doth transcend,
That Might, and Mass, and Number, which doth tend
Beyond all height, or depth, or midway zone;
Nor error blind, scant time, nor fortune ill,
Base envy, evil rage, or zeal unjust,
Wild heart, rash spirit, wanderings of desires,
Shall e'er prevail to cloud or thought or will,
Nor o'er mine eyes cast veil of dim distrust,
Nor hide the Sun to which my soul aspires.

A Parallel.

"In the school of Dante I have learned a great part of that mental provision, however insignificant it be, which has served me to make the journey of life up to the term of nearly seventy-three years."—*Letter from the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to Gianbattista Giuliani in the "Standard" of January* 9, 1883.

NOT thine the exile's weary lot to tread
The stairs of others, as with bleeding feet,
Nor yet in lonely wanderings still to eat
The doled-out bitter gifts of others' bread:
Thine rather is it to have nobly led
When others halted or would fain retreat,
To steer the State, though fierce the storm-winds beat,
On to the wished-for haven, sails full spread.
Unlike in outward fortunes, yet we trace
In thee and in our Dante many a line
Of inward likeness, sharing each the grace
Aye given to those that seek Truth's inmost shrine,
The will that stands four-square to Fortune's blows,
Thoughts that age ripens, hope that wider grows.

Spring Memories.

A SUN-BRIGHT season in a sea-girt isle,
  Spring's burst of beauty flushing o'er the earth ;
  At morn, the cuckoo, harbinger of mirth,
At eve the bird whose songs her grief beguile :
Here let us cease from care, and rest awhile,
  Look back on vanished years that lie behind,
  And, as we gaze, new hopes and courage find,
And on the things that vexed us calmly smile.
So though the years are dim that lie before,
  We shall not doubt the Father's will to bless ;
Much though we hoped, yet He has given us more,
  That we His love and wisdom may confess,
And so pass on, though song and vision fail,
To that far-off Unknown behind the veil.

IN MEMORIAM.

In Memoriam.

ALBERT THE GOOD.

October 1865.

I.

"Too long," they cry, "too long her heart
Dwells in the grave of him she loved:
We bear our sorrows all unmoved;
Why hides she not the life-long smart?

"Why float no echoes blithe and free,
Of clear-voiced mirth and laughing joy?
Why still each lingering hour employ
To nurse a grief that should not be?

"'Tis well; let tears fall thick and fast,
When first we feel the blinding woe;
But changes, chances come and go;
The present smiles; the past is past.

"Once more let pomps and pageants spread
Bright pennons to the favouring breeze;
Let no soft whisper from the trees
Awake the thought, 'There sleeps the dead.'

"So once again our lips shall raise
Loud shouts of welcome in the street,
And those who now are dumb will greet
Thy presence with their songs of praise."

So spake they in their reckless mood,
So murmured in their narrowing heart,
Poor souls that have nor lot nor part
In grief's diviner solitude.

I may not join my voice with theirs,
Nor onward rush with foot profane,
Where still the silent shadows reign,
Dreams of the past, and sighs, and prayers.

I hold with him whose voice hath sung
The memory of his noblest friend,
That life's last quivering pulse should end,
The lips grow cold, and stiff the tongue,

Ere one we loved should cease to fill
  The throne he claimed as rightful king,
  Or dim oblivion's darkness fling
Its spell upon the heart and will.

'Tis good to feel the dead are near,
  Their calm clear gaze upon us bent,
  And so, when wearied, faint, and spent,
To know the love that casts out fear.

'Tis good to track the vales and streams
  Where passed the pure and blameless youth,
  And love of beauty, law, and truth
Wrapt all the life in golden gleams.

So, brightening to the perfect day,
  The years brought wisdom more and more,
  And all high thoughts and holiest lore
Shed full-orbed brightness on his way.

So grew the princely soul serene,
  In stainless honour, purpose high,
  And open brow and fearless eye
Gave proof of spirit pure and keen.

Large heart, wide thoughts, they made him meet
For loftiest trust, as worthiest friend ;
God's gifts, abiding to the end,
Wrought out the harmony complete.

We may not marvel, dare not blame,
That Love should all the past retrace,—
The shadeless truth, the nameless grace,
The silver speech, the golden fame.

And yet, O Queenly Mourner, yet,
The onward path is holier still,
Though bleak the sky, the night air chill,
The sun that made life's daylight set.

To do all task-work they approved
For whom we weep our bitter tears ;
Through all the loneliness of years
To live the life we know they loved ;

To rise to all the height they trod,
Like them in heart and faith and hope,
And, when the gathering shadows slope,
To find our rest with them in God ;

This still is found the mourner's stay,
  The lonely heart finds solace here,
  And hope's bright star in æther clear,
Shines, herald of the eternal day.

Rise then, O Queenly Mourner, live ;
  Make glad this myriad-peopled land ;
  To each true heart and working hand,
Thy former smile of kindness give.

Meet love with love, and trust with trust,
  And be, in all thy people's sight,
  Their joy, their glory, their delight,
True sovereign of the brave and just.

So evermore his fame shall grow,
  Whom so thou honourest, loved of all,
  And at his name, like trumpet-call,
Thy children's children's hearts shall glow.

So faithful found to each high vow,
  In blessing still supremely blest,
  Fulfil thy calling's high behest,
True Mother of thy people, Thou.

II.

December 14. 1865.

Lo! once again the day comes round,
  The day for which a people wept;
  From lip to lip the whisper crept,
Like low faint murmur underground,—

The whisper, "Yes, the end is come;
  There flits from earth a princely soul,
  And slow and sad the death-bells toll,
And muffled beats the funeral drum."

Five years have flown since then we knew
  How grief makes one the hearts of all,
  The self-same tears from dim eyes fall,
And mourners' robes the self-same hue.

We watched and waited, some with fear
  Lest rough words breathed should waken pain,
  And grief that life could scarce sustain
Grow sharper with each lonely year;

And some with hope that time might bring
  The calmness of the twilight hour,
  And sorrow own the mightier Power
That comes with healing on its wing ;

With hope that through the mist and cloud
  One face might shine serenely fair,
  Illumine all the dusky air,
And shed a glory o'er the shroud.

Ah ! not in vain, nor over-bold,
  The wish that from our hearts arose,
  The myriad prayers He only knows,
To Whom all wants and griefs are told.

Scarce dried the words I dared to trace,
  Unknown to thee, unknown to fame,
  Throughout the land there sped, like flame,
The message of thy queenly grace.

Yes, now, when hearts are beating high
  With hopes for England's opening years,
  Her growing greatness, free from fears,
Her calm, majestic liberty ;

When earnest will and counsel sage
Are met for task of high emprise,
And brighter streaks across the skies
The far-off glorious time presage,—

Now once again thine eye serene
Shall look from out the thick, dark cloud,
Thine ear drink in the welcome loud
From English hearts to England's Queen.

So rough complaints and murmurs low
Shall, hushed to silence, die for shame,
And those erewhile so quick to blame,
With pulse of nobler feeling glow.

Not less, but more, will men revere
The Name that once was joined with thine;
A brighter glory round it shine,
The shadows scattering, year by year.

And so from out the grave and gloom
Shall gleam the light that lives above,
And fresh, bright flowers of hope and love
In that sepulchral darkness bloom.

So, though thy sorrow may not cease,
Nor time the dreary blank can fill,
Yet, working through all changes still,
The Christ shall bless thee with His peace.

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

Ob. March 28, 1884.

SWIFTLY flashed the fatal tidings
From the land of southern brightness,
From the land of palm and olive,
Land of cypress and of myrtle,
Telling to the Queenly Mourner
That, within the inmost circle
Of the dear ones, loved and loving,
Yet another place was vacant,
Yet another form departed ;—
Telling to the wife and mother
That her child was left an orphan,
That her life had lost its brightness,
Lost what made it worth the living,
Left to tread the path which leadeth
Through the Valley of the Shadow.

And the tidings tell the nation

That the princely life they honoured,—
Full of varied gifts and graces,
Filled as from the living waters
Flowing from æonian fountains
Of the wise and noble-hearted,
Who have left for us their footprints
In the record of the ages,
In whose wisdom rich and golden
It had found its chosen treasures,—
Now was taken from among us,
With its graces scarce developed,
With its gifts as yet unripened,—
He, in whom we traced the likeness
Of the father loved and honoured,
In the boyhood, calm and thoughtful,
In the manhood, pure and stainless,
In the mind whose clear-eyed vision
Saw the things before and after,
In the heart that felt for others,
Sharing in their joys and sorrows:—
This we saw, and hope was kindled
That the conflict now was ended,
Conflict long with pain and weakness,—
And that now before him opened
Pathways to each noblest duty,
Pathways to a nation's favour.

Ah, we knew not in our blindness
How for us the Father worketh,—
Why in that all-loving wisdom
One is left, another taken,—
Why one bears the heavy burden
Of the years with grief and labour,—
Why one passeth from among us,
Like a shadow that departeth,—
Like a flower that on the housetop
Withers in the noontide sultry.
But we know, for He has taught us,
He, the Master, whom we honour,
That the mansions fair are many
In his Father's House Eternal,—
That for those who loved and served
Him,
In the cottage or the palace,
In the midst of duties lowly,
Far from breath of human praises,
In the fierce light which illumines
Those who on the throne of greatness
Bear the gaze of many myriads,—
All is well, for they are with Him,
Not one bud that shall not blossom
Into flower of rarest beauty,
Not one seed that shall not ripen

Into hundredfold of harvest.
There, we trust, are all our loved ones,
In the land of faith expectant,
Land of joy, the pledge and earnest
Of a greater bliss hereafter,—
Waiting as with lamps that fail not,
Working with a love untirèd,
Watching for the Bridegroom's coming,—
Seeing there, with clearer insight,
And with wisdom ever widening,
All the talents that the Master
Had entrusted to their keeping;
So that when the shadows vanish
In the light of day eternal,
They, with all the true and faithful,
May behold the great King's beauty,
May be bidden to the wedding,
And in vision beatific,
Lifting high the victor's palm-branch,
Walk in white, for they are worthy.

In Memoriam.

J. E. H.[1]

THE music of that life is not yet hushed,
Its fragrance is not scattered. It is well,
While Memory lingers yet, to track the path
Which, brightening ever to the perfect day,
Onward and upward led, till all the light
Of Heaven was mirrored in that wondrous calm,
And all who looked beheld an Angel there.

The earlier years I knew not. I can dream
Of childhood's beauty, and of youth's full flush,
And blue eyes looking forth from golden hair,
And all the lovely sanctities of home;
A mother's yearning love that shadowed forth
A love diviner still; a father's care;
Seven sisters, older, younger, like, unlike,
As sisters wont to be, a goodly band,

[1] Jane Esther Hare, widow of Julius Charles Hare, and sister of Frederick Denison Maurice, ob. Feb. 20, 1864.

One in their aims, and one in heart and life ;
And as those virgins wise, who trimmed their
lamps,
Went forth to meet the Bridegroom, and rejoiced,
So they, with lights clear burning, evermore
Sought the pure oil that feeds the heavenly
flame,
That when the midnight cry is heard, "He comes!"
Their Lord might find them ready at the gate ;
The brother, bright and open, brave and true,
Life's wondrous questions dawning on his soul,
Of stainless honour and of purpose high,
Unconscious yet of all the prophet's work
To which his Master called him, of the scars,
The sorrows, and the struggles, and the pain,
Which evermore attend a prophet's life,
And for the pleasant days of early years,
Bring clouds and darkness, till the work be done,
And all the mists, before the eternal dawn,
Have melted into brightness : thus I see
The young life passing on from truth to truth,
Feeding on words of prophet, saint, and sage,
Living all truths, and loving all things well,
To find its perfect rest, O God, in Thee.

The summers hastened onward, and there came

Life's battle bravely fought, and nobly won,—
True help well rendered to a sister's work.
Not hers the dull routine, the weary task
Of telling o'er again a thrice-told tale ;
It had the blessing of the golden law,
" Freely ye have received, as freely give."
And many clustered round her in their love,
With the full warmth of girlhood's opening life,
Drawn to that angel-face by countless ties
Of truth attained, good done, and hearts at rest.
They loved her, worshipped her, as man counts time
Older by some few summers, but as God,
By half a life, so early ripe the fruit
Of that calm wisdom, ever-widening love,
And peace that passeth knowledge. Who may know
How yet the silver sounds of that loved voice,
Like sweetest music, float across the waves
Of life's dark waters to the weary soul,
Half shipwrecked, tempest-tost, the stars all hid,
And bid it hope, " Fear not, thou trembling heart,
The night is dark, but Christ thy Lord is near,
And He will guide thee to the shore at last " ?

Then came the golden noon-tide of her life,
Happy and making happy. One whose heart
Was worthy of that fullest, deepest love

With which she loved him,—truest son of light,
Foremost in love of truth and fearless speech,
Full stored with all the wisdom of the wise,
With all the poet's righteous scorn of scorn,
The noble hate of hate, and love of love,
True labourer in the vineyard of his Lord,—
Had sought her for his own, and they were One.

And round them gathered such a band of friends [1]
As the world knows but few, the noblest names
In the great host of truth's advancing ranks:
The full-orbed sage who spake of all things well;
The friend of early years, of equal aims,
With passionless calm insight, tracing out
The tale of Hellas old, and mastering all
The Teuton guessed of great Rome's cradled youth;
The seer who through the Tuscan artist's tube
Called all the stars by name; the wayward moods
Of him who bade the dead to speak once more
In fancy's drama; and the genial heart
That, from the flinty rocks he loved, drew forth

[1] Many readers will recognise the names of those who were frequent guests at Herstmonceux Rectory in the time referred to. For those who know less I give the list: William Whewell, Connop Thirlwall, Sir John Herschel, Walter Savage Landor, Adam Sedgwick, Richard Chenevix Trench, Henry Edward Manning, Carl Josias von Bunsen, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

The milk of kindness ; one well skilled to trace
The deep thoughts lying hid in homely words,
The secret treasures of the Word divine ;
And one, the pale ascetic, swift to speak
The thoughts that burn, who since in alien creed,
Those hot thoughts driving on, has sought for peace ;
The man of lordly brow, and lordlier soul,
The myriad-minded marvel of our age,
Friend of all arts, and counsellor of kings,
Threading all mazes of the tongues of earth,
Gathering all treasures of the songs of Heaven,
With bold yet loving hand adventuring still
To bridge the yawning chasms of our time,
Now failing, now succeeding ; last of all
(For time would fail to tell the goodly list,
The workers and the thinkers of the land),
The bold young Luther of our later days,
With power to clothe high thoughts in glorious
words,
To bid the buried past come back to life,
To bring earth's holiest scenes in vision bright
Before our wistful eyes, in outline clear
As though the sun did paint them—power to stir
The pulse of noble purpose in the hearts
Of princes, and with whispered hopes to soothe
The widowed silence of a queenly grief.

All these came there, and all a welcome found,
And all went back, the better for the light,
The warmth, the love, the truth of that bright home,
Owning, amid the priceless treasures there
Of wisdom and of art, one radiant smile,
One loving word of hers as worth them all.
And the poor blest her footsteps, loved her voice,
The voice that spake to them of Christ-like love,
Of sympathy that met their every need,
The rough paths making smooth, and dark days bright,
Forgetting self, remembering all beside.

The years passed on, and then the shadows fell,
Sad omens of the darkness yet to come.
Not hers the sunny life that brightens on
To sunny age, with crown of silvered hair,
And children's children prattling on the knee ;
But nine long years of widowhood, the grief
Of earth-born troubles, all the vexing cares
Which man's dishonour to the blameless brings,
The keen cold blasts that sweep the upward track,
Life's flinty pathway trod with bleeding feet.
Nobly she bore it all ; the troubling thoughts,
Like winds that wave the boughs of some tall palm,
Yet leave the trunk unshaken, moved not her ;

Still loving and beloved, she lived her life,
Forgiving all the wrong, the golden soul
Still growing brighter in the furnace fire,
Friends coming still for sympathy and help,
Weak youth still clinging to the guiding hand,
Wide thoughts still stirring in the wider heart.
Oh, perfect pattern of the widowed soul
That veils its deepest woe with placid smiles,
That lives two lives, one hidden with the past,
Its loved one, and its God, one duly bent
To all the daily task-work of its lot,
Still finding peace in making others glad ;
Both shrinking from the rude world's gaze and glare,
Both resting in the shadow of the Cross,
That Cross borne meekly, filling both with joy.

And now the life is ended. Nevermore
Shall that soft music break upon our ear,
That loving welcome cheer us on our way.
The friend of many years, the sister-twin
That misses half her life, the chosen few
Who dwelt within the circle of her home,
Feel that her place is empty. All their life
Is henceforth shadowed with the sad, sweet thoughts
Of hours that have been, vanished evermore,—

Of words, acts, looks of love that vanish not.
So much the more let those thoughts nerve us on
To fight life's battle bravely, as she fought,
Believing, loving, with the faith and love
Which made her conqueror. Let that presence come,
In all its stainless purity and peace,
Amid the stirrings of our hot debates,
Calming our roughness, soothing all our cares,
Through the dull order of our common life
Shedding its streams of light, to guide us on,
And raise our baseness to the noble height
Of her attainment. Still she looks on us,
Still on this day she blesses (as of old
With fond embrace, bright smiles, and loving words
She blest) her sister-child, and bids her live,
Joyous and happy, loving and beloved ;
Still welcomes, as of old, all wandering souls
Who find their refuge in the light of God ;
Is one with all the loved ones upon earth
In that divinest fellowship of saints ;
Is one with all the loved ones gone before,
Where the bright river flows by pearly gates,
At rest within the Paradise of God.

In Memoriam.

F. D. M.[1]

I.

CLEAR vision, born of high desire
That seeks Truth only evermore,
As one who, from the eternal shore,
Beholds the sea of glass and fire;

Or climbs the granite peaks alone,
And gazes from the cloud-capt height,
Till through the darkness flash in sight
The glories of the sapphire throne;

Or wings his flight where dwell the blest,
Beyond the fiery walls of space,
And gazes on the unveilèd Face;—
In this the Seer stands forth confest.

II.

More wondrous yet, winged words that burn,
The hidden fire of God proclaim,
And cleanse the abysmal depths of shame
Or bid the wandering sheep return.

[1] Frederick Denison Maurice, ob. April 1, 1872.

The voice rings forth in trumpet-tone
  Across the battle-field of life,
  And hearts that quailed renew the strife,
And feel, though lonely, not alone.

The Prophet speaks of truths that save
  Men, churches, nations, from decay;
  And fainting hearts the call obey,
And dead forms rise from out the grave.

III.

Was there no nobler gift in store?
  Is there no loftier type of good?
  Behold, with Love's great might endued,
The Priest draws nigh the Temple door.

Urim and Thummim—Truth and Light—
  Within the stainless vest he bears,
  And mounts upon the altar-stairs,
And, through the veil, is hid from sight;

Then back returns with looks that tell
  Of Love's great lesson learnt at last,—
  The Pardon sealed for all the past,
The conquest over Death and Hell.

IV.

And thou art gone: thy Easter feast
Is kept in other clime than ours,
And we drag on the weary hours,
And mourn our Prophet, Seer, and Priest.

No more that voice is heard to bless
The eagle eye is dark and cold;
We miss the loving glance that told
Of Christ-like, God-like tenderness.

Not so; far off, and dimly seen,
We track the spirit's upward way,
And work or wait till dawns the day,
And thank our God for what has been.

In Memoriam.

L. Y. P.[1]

TRUE twin in heart of that pure soul,
True sharer in that saintly life,
Thy suffering now is past, and strife
Finds issue at the victor's goal.

[1] Lucilla Young Powell, twin sister of Jane Esther Hare.

Thine now the joy, the love, the hope
Of those who see, with vision clear,
The Purpose working far and near,
The thousand paths that upward slope

Through mists and darkness, weal and woe,
To where nought endeth incomplete,
Where all the loved and lost ones meet,
And Love is more than we can know.

And there the sister-spirits rest,
And tell of sorrows that have taught
That lesson, all so dearly bought,
In blessing others, to be blest,—

With words of hope, and peerless skill
To raise weak souls from their despair,
And lead them to serener air,
Where all the storms of earth are still.

And he is there who taught our youth,
Husband and brother, child of light,
Whose faith victorious ends in sight,
Knowing, not guessing, now the Truth.

And he, the prophet, priest, and sage,
Whose voice still rings in listening ears,
Who bade us triumph over fears,
Nor heed, though tempests round us rage,—

He, too, is there ; and can we dream
  Their joy is other now than when
  They dwelt among the sons of men,
As walking in the eternal gleam ?

Are there no souls behind the veil
  That need the help of guiding hand ;
  Weak hearts that cannot understand
Why earth's poor dreams of Heaven must fail ?

Are there no prison-doors to ope,
  No lambs to gather in the fold,
  No treasure-house of new and old,
To fill each longing, crown each hope ?

We know not : but if life be there
  The outcome and the crown of this,
  What else can make their perfect bliss
Than in the Master's work to share ?

Resting, but not in slumbrous ease,
  Working, but not in wild unrest,
  Still ever blessing, ever blest,
They see us, as the Father sees.

In Memoriam.

C. T.[1]

Addington, December 7, 1878.

Ah! "kindly light"[2] that leads the mourners on,
Through mist and cloud, to yon eternal clime
Where life and growth are measured not by time,
And full-orbed Love crowns love on earth begun.
Weep not, sad hearts, for her, who now hath won
The crown of joy that fadeth not away,
Where, in the light of everlasting day,
Lost "angel faces" wait her near the Throne.
Weep not, but pray for those to whom are left
The toil and burden of the lonely years,
Life's sunset sky of all its glow bereft,
And distant hopes as yet half-seen through tears:
So, living as she lived, in faith and hope,
May they, and we, yet climb the mountain's cloud-girt slope!

[1] Catherine Tait, wife of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.

[2] Dr. Newman's hymn, "Lead, kindly light," was sung before the Service for the Burial of the Dead began.

In Memoriam.

A. P. S.[1]

July 21, 1881.

We watched the hair, the face, grow grey;
The brightness of the life was past,
And distant memories mingled fast
With dim forebodings of decay.

Not yet the hand had lost its skill,
The brain its power, the heart its hope,
And where the gates of Wisdom ope,
Quick feet still followed eager will.

That journey is not ended yet;
New Alps and Andes meet the eye:
And lo! far off is seen on high
The eternal dawn that shall not set.

There meet the sons of Light and Truth;
There widowed hearts once more are one;
The strife is o'er, the race is run,
And worn-out age renews its youth.

[1] Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster.

We stand, and cast our glances back,
And see how good seed bore its fruit,
No canker eating at the root,
No blight that turns the fair flowers black;

Clear vision of the pure in heart,
That made the past, the distant, near;
The soul that never quailed in fear,
Nor tuned the tongue to baser part;

Friend of the Mourner on the throne,
Friend of the good, the great, the wise;
In all life's countless courtesies
Unselfish and unworldly known:

Nor less the friend of children weak,
Of poor men toiling for their bread,
Of wanderers who, with faith half-dead,
Were outcasts in the desert bleak.

Leave him where rest the victors crowned;
Leave him where sleeps the wife he loved;
The things unseen now not unproved,
Love, Light, and Life, not lost but found.

In Memoriam.

W. S.[1]

Westminster Abbey, July 5, 1883.

To seek for Truth through all our cosmic space,
  To fathom all the mysteries of life,
  Where passion is no more, and hushed is strife,—
Is this the joy of those whom God's great grace
Has kept His own, to live, yet see His face?
  And shall it not be thine, in whom we knew
  The noblest gifts that mark the chosen few,
Light-bearers to our mist-encircled race?
Not ended is thy life-work; still there rise
  The far-off summits clad in radiant sheen,
And still there live in men's deep memories
  The goodness and the greatness that have been;
And those who doubt and those who hope are one,
Learning from thee how all true work is done.

[1] William Spottiswoode.

HYMNS.

Choral Festival.

MARCH onward, O ye faithful;
Lift up your heart and voice;
'Tis meet we should sing praises,
'Tis meet we should rejoice.
We come our God to worship,
We come to hear His word,
And this our prayer we offer,
"Be with us, gracious Lord."

From village and from city,
Green field and crowded street,
We come, a band of pilgrims,
Within Thy courts to meet;
The child in life's fair morning,
The old who crave for rest,
The young man, strong to labour,
The weary and opprest;

We come with gladness, singing
The great things God has done;
The love of that Atonement
Which Christ for us hath won;
The love the Father showeth
To faithful souls and true;
The grace the Spirit giveth
To quicken and renew.

So chant we now our echoes
Of Heaven's eternal praise,
The melodies of angels,
The psalms of ancient days;
So gathering up the treasures
The sacred past doth hold,
From all the many mansions
We bring forth new and old.

We sing, as in the desert
Sang Israel's warriors brave,
When priests, with silver trumpets,
The welcome signal gave;
We sing, as sang the Levites
Within the Holy Place,
When Alleluias mighty
Filled all the echoing space;

We sing, as sang Apostles,
In hope and joy's full flush,
Or when, through prison darkness,
Hymns broke the midnight hush ;
As saints, the firm and stedfast,
Who won the martyr's crown,
And gave their God the glory,
As they their life laid down.

With all the faithful servants,
With all the pure and true,
With all the Church triumphant,
Our praises we renew ;
With all the Church yet warring,
We raise our battle-song ;
Of conquest we are certain,
Nor will it tarry long.

For with us is our Captain,
The Warrior strong to save,
The chief among ten thousand,
Victorious o'er the grave ;
And with us are the angels,
Who watch with loving care,
And though the days are dreary,
They bid us not despair.

For those whose lamps are burning
The Bridegroom comes at last;
For those who strive for freedom
The tyranny is past:
On then, ye warrior pilgrims,
On, till your work is o'er,
Till, in the heavenly Temple
Ye worship and adore.

Harvest Festival.

I.

LO, summer comes again,
And, after spring-tide rain,
The quickening sunbeams flood the world with light;
See, high in night's clear skies,
The joy of longing eyes,
The moon of harvest shines serenely bright.

O Lord of heaven and earth,
Who givest joy and mirth,
Open our lips to show Thy wondrous praise;
Too dull our hearts and cold;
We leave Thy love untold;
O give us strength our anthems glad to raise.

Each month we sow or reap,
Each hour we toil or sleep,
Thou givest life and strength, and Thou alone ;
Grant Thou to each and all,
When death's dark shadows fall,
To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

So, life's long task-work o'er,
Set free for evermore,
We shall sit down at Thy great harvest feast ;
Reaper and sower met,
The burning heat forget,
And taste God's love, the greatest with the least.

Yea, Lord, Thou too dost claim
The Sower's mystic name ;
Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their field,
Oh, be it theirs to bear
The full corn in the ear,
When Thy true seed its hundredfold shall yield.

Root out at last the tares,
Which now Thy mercy spares,
Lest with them we the good grain should destroy ;
And when the hour is come
To bring the true seed home,
Bid men and angels share Thy harvest joy.

II.

Oh, come, ye workers true and strong,
Who reap what God has given,
Who, through the winter cold and long,
In faith and hope have striven.

Behold, the summer comes at last,
And brings the golden grain,
And all the doubt and fear are past,
And harvest comes again.

Ye rose and slept ; in toil and rest
The weary days crept on,
And now, by rain and sunshine blest,
Your full reward is won.

And rich and poor together met,
Our God, the Giver, praise ;
Oh, pray that we may ne'er forget
His just and loving ways.

And shall not harvest lessons teach
Of faith, and hope, and love ?
Have not the golden fields a speech,
To rouse us and reprove ?

When at the last dread day we stand
Before the great white Throne,
The words will sound, on either hand,
"Ye reap as ye have sown."

And there the saying true is found,
"One sows, another reaps,"
And he who toils in hope is crowned,
For God His promise keeps.

And there in concord true and blest,
The harvest gathered in,
Reaper, with sower joined, shall rest
God's palace-gates within.

On, then, ye workers ; glad of heart
Ye well may be to-day,
Your hard-worn hands have done their part ;
Come now to praise and pray.

Let young and old alike rejoice,
And thankful anthems raise ;
Let all mankind with heart and voice
The Lord of Harvest praise.

Dedication Festival.

COME, faithful souls and true,
Come, joyous hearts and glad,
Come, ye who have your rest in view,
Come, weary ones and sad.

Come, tread the sacred way
That leads where God doth dwell;
'Tis meet we sing His praise to-day,
And of His goodness tell.

To-day we sing the love
That guides us all our days;
Oh, taste and see; God's kindness prove,
Our Father's mercy praise.

Where now our footsteps tread
In slow and ordered pace,
Around us sleep the silent dead,
The heirs of heavenly grace.

Here loving hearts and pure,
With Christ their Lord made one,
Were taught in patience to endure,
Till Faith her victory won.

Here childhood's opening life
Was dedicate to God,
And through the years of toil and strife,
In stedfast love abode.

Here mourners round the grave
For those they loved have wept,
And owned that God was strong to save
All those in Christ that slept.

Here heralds brave and true
Have published tidings good,
How sin-stained souls may sin subdue
Through Jesu's precious blood.

So gather we to-day,
Men, maidens, young and old;
We find in God our strength and stay,
His arms shall us enfold.

Within His temple-gates
We throng with gladsome hearts,
And hope her promised joy awaits,
The joy that ne'er departs.

As now, so then, may we
Our thankful anthems raise,
And through the vast eternity
Our God and Father praise.

The Transfiguration.

BEHOLD, they climb the lonely height,
The Master and the favoured three,
And, through the thickest gloom of night,
The glory of the Lord they see.

He prays, and lo! the wondrous cloud
Enwraps them in its robe of fire,
And they, in awestruck terror bowed,
Look upward, fainting with desire.

What forms are these that, floating near,
Hold with their Lord their converse high,
In words that tell to those that hear
Of Love's last crowning mystery?

The shepherd of God's chosen flock,
The giver of God's ancient law,
The Tishbite seer, who bore the shock
Of earthquake, fire, and voice of awe,—

Lo! these their twofold witness gave
That all their work on earth was done,
For He, the Christ, was strong to save;
The Father owned Him as the Son.

What marvel that the eager heart
Should seek to stay the flight of time,
And, from that vision loath to part,
Still linger in that loftier clime?

Ah! vain the dream, the morning clear
Brings back earth's weary life again;
The Voice divine no more they hear,
But murmuring cries of doubt and pain.

Yet not in vain that vision bright,
For those who then had gazed and heard,
On all their life it cast its light,
The glory of the eternal Word.

Deep, deep within each watcher's breast,
There dwelt the thought of what shall be,
When all earth owns of brightest, best,
Excelled, transfigured, they shall see.

So grant us, Lord, through mists of night,
To see Thee in Thy glory clad;
Make us Thy children, heirs of light,
And with Thy gladness make us glad.

Processional.

MARCH, march onward, soldiers true! Take
through cloud and mist your way;
Yonder flows the fount of life; yonder shines
eternal day:
March, though myriad foes are nigh; forward till
ye reach the shore:
Then, when all the strife is done, rest in peace for
evermore.

Hark, hark, loud the trumpet sounds! Wake, ye
children of the light;
Time is past for sloth and sleep; wake and arm
you for the fight;
Spear and sword each warrior needs; foes are
round you, friends are few:
Faint not though the way be long; fainting, still
your way pursue.

See, see, yonder shines your home; gates of pearl
and walls of gold,
Joy that heart hath never known, bliss that tongue
hath never told;
Victors then through Christ your Lord, gathered
round His glorious throne,
Be it yours to sing His praise; praise that He, your
King, shall own.

Praise, praise Him who reigns on high; praise the
co-eternal Son,
Praise the Spirit, Lord of life; praise the blessèd
Three in One.
Praise Him, ye who toil and fight; praise Him, ye
who bear the palm;
As the sound of mighty seas, pour your everlasting
psalm.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Four Evangelists.

From Adam of St. Victor.

See, far above the starry height,
Beholding, with unclouded sight,
The brightness of the sun,
John doth as eagle swift appear,
Still gazing on the vision clear
Of Christ, the eternal Son.

To Mark belongs the lion's form,
With voice loud-roaring as the storm,
His risen Lord to own;
Called by the Father from the grave,
As Victor crowned and strong to save,
We see Him on His throne.

The face of man is Matthew's share,
Showing the Son of God doth bear
Man's form with might divine;

He tracks the course of high descent
Through which the Word with flesh was blent,
In David's kingly line.

To Luke the ox belongs, for he,
More clearly than the rest, doth see
Christ as the victim slain ;
Upon the cross, as altar new,
The bleeding, spotless Lamb we view,
And old rites count as vain.

So, from their source in Paradise,
The four mysterious rivers rise,
And life to earth is given ;
On these four wheels and staves, behold,
God and His ark are onward rolled,
High above earth to heaven.

St. John the Evangelist.

From the Latin of an Unknown Author, of the school of Adam of St. Victor.[1]

Verbum Dei, Deo natum.

THE Word of God, the Eternal Son,
With God, the Uncreated, One,
Came down to earth from heaven ;

[1] See Archbishop Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 72.

To see Him, handle Him, and show
His heavenly life to men below,
To holy John was given.

Among these four primeval streams
Whose living fount in Eden gleams,
John's record true is known ;
To all the world he poureth forth
The nectar pure of priceless worth
That flows from out the Throne.

Beyond the heavens he soared, nor failed,
With all the Spirit's gaze unveiled,
To see our true Sun's grace ;
Not as through mists and shadows dim,
Beneath the wings of Seraphim
He looked, and saw God's face.

He heard, where songs and harps resound,
And four and twenty elders round
Sing hymns of praise and joy ;
The impress of the One in Three,
With print so clear that all may see,
He stamped on earth's alloy.

As eagle winging loftiest flight,
Where never seer's or prophet's sight,
Had pierced the ethereal vast,
Pure beyond human purity,
He scanned with still undazzled eye,
The future and the past.

The bridegroom clad in garments red,
Seen, yet by man unfathomèd,
Home to His palace hies;
Ezekiel's eagle to His bride
He sends, and will no longer hide
Heaven's deepest mysteries.

O loved one, bear, for thou canst tell
Of Him whom thou didst love so well,
Glad tidings to the Bride;
Tell of the angels' food they taste,
Who, with the Bridegroom's presence graced,
Are resting by His side.

Tell of the soul's true Bread unpriced,
Christ's supper, on the breast of Christ,
In wondrous rapture ta'en;
That we may sing before the throne,
His praises, whom as Lord we own,
The Lamb we worship slain.

FROM THE SARUM MISSAL.

Christmas.

I.

Nato canunt omnia.

HARK, the hosts of Heaven are singing
Praises to their new-born Lord,
Strains of spirit music flinging,
Uttered sweetly, word by word ;
This the day of days, most holy,
Day in which new joys were given,
Not in part alone, but wholly,
To the wide world under Heaven.

On this night, all nights excelling,
God's high glory sounded forth,
While the angels' songs were telling
Of the Lord's mysterious birth.
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes ;
As their lowly flocks they tended,
Came new tidings from the skies.

God of God, ere ages hoary,
Now is born of purest maid ;
In the Heavens is boundless glory,
And on earth is peace displayed ;
So the hosts of Heaven are chanting
Song with power to stir and thrill ;
And the wide world's frame is panting
At that music clear and shrill.

On this day, then, through creation
Let the glorious hymn ring out ;
Let men hail the great salvation,
"God with us," in song and shout.
See the powers of Hell are broken,
Fierce and tyrannous and wild ;
And on earth glad words are spoken,
Heralding the new-born Child.

Christ who framed the earth and heaven,—
He alone, by wondrous power,—
Who alone the law hath given
That sustains them hour by hour,
Grant to us, of His great pity,
Pardon for our guilt and sin ;
Grant us, in the eternal city,
Peace and life and rest to win.

II.

Sonent Regi nato nova cantica.

O COME, new anthems let us sing,
Loud praises to the new-born King,—
The King whose Father dwells on high,
Maker of all in earth or sky,—
The King, whose Mother's name we bless,
As clothed in virgin holiness.

No touch impure, no taint of earth,
Defiles that great and wondrous birth ;
There she, the Mother, meek and mild,
Still maiden pure, brings forth her Child ;
There to her loving heart is prest
The Word made Flesh, the Ever-blest.

O wondrous Birth, O heavenly Word,
Of God begotten, Lord of Lord ;
O awful Babe, O glorious Child,
Man's nature bearing undefiled,
In whom, thus veiled from mortal eye,
We own Incarnate Deity.

So of Thy coming sages old,
Taught by Thy Spirit, Lord, foretold;
So at Thy Birth men sing Thy praise,
And songs of peace the angels raise,
And all creation pours its chant,
And all the saints are jubilant.

And now, O Lord, incline Thine ear,
And these our prayers and praises hear,
Thou who art known in Persons three,
Thrice Blest, thrice Holy Trinity,
The God whom Heaven and earth adore,
One, and one only, evermore.

III.

Cæleste organum hodie sonuit in terrâ.

HARK, the Heavens' sweet melody
Echoes now on earth,
And the band of those on high
Sing the Virgin-Birth:
What mean ye, O ye passers by,
Sharing not their mirth?

Shepherds watch their flocks by night,
Angel-tones they hear;
Songs of glory in the height,
Peace and love brought near:
To us they sing through love's dear might;
Praise to Christ they bear.

Not to all these gifts belong,
Only to the true;
They fall not on the sinful throng,
But the chosen few:
When 'gainst evil we are strong,
Peace is then in view.

Earthly things with Heaven are blent,
Twofold is the praise;
Yet each word divinely sent
Truth distinct conveys:
On Christ, the Word made Flesh, intent,
Men, your anthems raise.

Of His birth the bright stars tell,
Watchers of the night;
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
Led by that clear light:
They find the King of Heaven, where dwell
Ox and ass of right.

There, within the manger laid,
They their Lord descry ;
We thy Child, O mother-maid,
Sing with praises high ;
On this our service duly paid
Look with gracious eye.

IV.

Christi hodierna celebremus natalitia.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Come, praise the Birth of Christ our King ;
Let all the hosts of Heaven rejoice,
And praise His Name with heart and voice ;
Sing ye, from greatest unto least,
Our blest Redeemer's marriage-feast.

Now, o'er the earth new light is shed,
And all the darkness old is fled ;
God's grace from Heaven wide open throws
The palace-gates sin barred so close ;
For Mary, Virgin undefiled,
Folds in her arms the new-born Child.

'Twas hers upon her breast to rear
Him who alone man's guilt may bear,

To whom o'er all in earth and heaven
The rod of might and power is given ;
To whom from earth's remotest ends
The prayer of all the saints ascends.

We too, in lowliest homage bent,
Our tribute due of praise present,
Beseeching Him with pitying eye
To look on us His family,
To fill our homes with plenteous peace,
And bid all wars and discords cease.

And then, when all our course is run,
Our mourning ended, task-work done,
Then may He lead us there where sin
And sorrow never enter in,
Where He at God's right hand is throned,
As Lord and King for ever owned !

There, as in His controlling might,
Things near and far He orders right,
He on the just their portion blest
Bestows, the chiefest and the best,
Where shines the Light on that bright shore,
Our life, our joy for evermore.

V.

Eia, recolamus laudibus piis digna.

O COME and let us tell with praise
The glories of this day of days,
The day on which the gracious Light
Dawns forth upon our raptured sight.

Yea, past is now the gathering cloud,
Past too our dark transgression's shroud ;
Forth from the Star of Ocean's womb
Salvation dawns athwart the gloom.

Fear falls upon the Lords of Hell,
Fear seizes Death the terrible ;
Full well they know their doom is nigh,
That Death and Hell themselves shall die.

Now is the captor captive led,
The serpent old is vanquishèd,
And fallen man, the sheep astray,
Is brought again to life's true way.

On this bright day the angel host
Joy o'er the piece of silver lost ;
O Birth beyond our brightest dream,
With power to rescue and redeem.

The Maker of the heavens and earth
Takes from a Virgin's womb His birth,
And sees, strange work in wondrous mode!
The Manhood taken into God.

New glory thus that Manhood gains,
The Godhead all unchanged remains :
Was tale e'er told to sons of earth
So strange as that mysterious Birth ?

As Shepherd true, He comes to seek
The sheep that wandered lost and weak ;
As Warrior brave we see Him go
With spear and shield to meet His foe.

By his own weapons foiled, behold
That foe so terrible of old,
His trusted weapons borne away,
His spoil divided, saved his prey.

So in that conflict fierce with sin
Did Christ our great salvation win ;
So, having gained the victory,
He leads us to His home on high.

There, in Thy triumph triumphing,
May we eternal praises sing,
With saints and angels Thee adore,
O Word made Flesh, for evermore.

The Feast of the Epiphany.

Epiphaniam Domino canamus gloriosam.

O COME and praise, with song and chant,
Our great Epiphany ;
To God's own Son the wise men come,
With true hearts drawing nigh :
His boundless power in ages past
Chaldæan sages owned,
And all the prophets told of Him,
The Saviour high enthroned.

And now His Majesty divine
To us doth condescend,
And takes a servant's form, that He
Our sin and woe may end.

He who before all worlds was God,
Ere time its course began,
Hath from the Virgin had His birth,
And walks on earth as Man.

The King of whom the prophet spake,
His glory seen afar,—
"From Jacob there shall one day rise
A bright and glorious Star,
And He, in His great strength, shall smite
All Moab's regions old,"—
To Him the Magi bring their gifts,
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

They, with their incense, own Him God ;
With gold proclaim Him King ;
The myrrh wherewith men wrap the dead,
They, as for burial, bring ;
The angel warns them in their dreams
To turn another way,
Nor rouse the tyrant's cruel wrath,
Alarmed for tottering sway.

The star once more their friend and guide,
They wend their homeward way,
And leave fierce Herod to his rage,
To threaten and to slay ;

With wailing cry the stern command
Is heard through Bethlehem's coast,
And mothers yield their infant sons
To join the martyrs' host.

And now let all the joyous band
In one great chorus sing,
And unto Christ, the Lord of lords,
Their mystic offerings bring.
So may His hand earth's kingdoms rule
Through ages yet to come ;
And lead us on, Himself our guide,
To our eternal Home.

Easter.

I.

Fulgens præclarus rutilat per orbem.

BRIGHT glows the morn this Easter day,
The day of Christ's great victory ;
His triumph o'er the proud foe's sway
This day proclaims exultingly.

In Eden's grove our mother's sin
Brought loss of bliss and peace and life ;
But He, the Virgin-born, doth win
New bliss in that victorious strife.

O King, on Thine eternal Throne,
At God's right hand for ever set,
Do Thou our joyous anthems own,
When we to sing Thy praise are met.

All praise and honour, Lord, to Thee,
The great, the merciful, the good :
Thy pity sets Thy people free ;
The Lamb has washed them in His Blood.

He cleansed us with His mighty power,
He gave us gifts of grace and light ;
Opprest with wonder hour by hour,
We scarce can sing His praise aright.

For He of David's line the heir,
Of Judah's tribe the Lion strong,
As Lamb was seen the Cross to bear,
And round the sign His blest ones throng.

In fetters bound the foe doth lie
Who thought to make mankind his prey,
For Christ hath won the victory,
And men and angels own His sway.

Ye tribes and nations, wondering own
That ne'er did man such marvels hear ;
Death's power by death is overthrown,
And sinners God's great bounties share.

Behold Christ's own, with heart and voice
Sing out their great Redeemer's praise :
In Thee we also, Lord, rejoice ;
Do Thou the weak and fallen raise.

Raise, too, Thy chosen ones, with Thee
To share Thy glory blest and bright ;
Reward, in bounty full and free,
All souls that love the truth and right.

As yet we wait the comfort true,
Which He, the Paraclete, bestows ;
But then our eyes the King shall view,
In that bright cloud wherewith He rose.

II.

Concinat orbis cunctus orbis, alleluia.

LET the whole world chant and sing
Easter praises to our King:
Alleluia.

Rescued from the fiery river,
Let the blest ones sing for ever,
Alleluia.

We too raise with hymn and song
Fullest praises loud and long:
Alleluia.

For our Lord for us has borne
All the bitter weight of scorn:
Alleluia.

He the pains of death would know,
Tasting all our grief and woe:
Alleluia.

From His Hands, and Feet, and Side,
Flowed His life-blood's crimson tide:
Alleluia.

On His head our sentence fell;
He for us went down to Hell:
Alleluia.

He has triumphed o'er the foe,
He has wrought his overthrow:
Alleluia.

So once more that Easter morn
He to higher life was born:
Alleluia.

Shall we fail His praise to sing,
Whom we own as Lord and King?
Alleluia.

Yea, all praise to Him be given,
Who gives us our hopes of Heaven:
Alleluia.

Lo, its gates He open throws,—
Christ, who died for us and rose:
Alleluia.

Oh! for ever may we sing
Easter praises to our King:
Alleluia.

III.

Laudes Salvatoris voce modulemus.

PRAISE to our Lord and Saviour dear
Let us sing forth in anthems clear;
To Christ, the Lord's Anointed, raise
The accents high of heavenly praise;
And tell how, sinners to redeem,
He made Himself of no esteem.

So, veiled in flesh from mortal eyes,
Our God within the manger lies;
So, pitying those who exiles roam
Far off from Paradise and home,
Christ, e'en as infant, learns to know
How for man's sin man's blood must flow.

So wrought He all His Father's will,
Baptized His mission to fulfil;
So, tempted by the subtle foe,
He tastes our hunger, pain, and woe;
The Son of God, He counts it meet,
As slave, to wash His servants' feet.

Yet oft, beneath that humble guise,
His Godhead flashed in wondrous wise ;
By many a speech and many a sign,
Sick healed, and water turned to wine,
The leper cleansed, the dead restored,
The blind eyes looking on their Lord ;

He feeds the hungry crowd with bread,
His feet upon the rough waves tread,
He stills the winds, and at His word
Deaf ears the voice of love have heard ;
And then, thus proved of wondrous power,
He passes to the passion-hour.

Condemned upon the Cross to hang,
For us He tastes of death's keen pang ;
But then there shines, O morning bright !
The glory of this Easter light ;
Then to His own Himself He shows,
Victorious over all His foes.

In wondrous ways to eye and heart
He doth His risen self impart ;
In that new life, so full, so rare,
All things that live may claim their share ;
Flowers round His glorious footsteps spring,
Birds chant their carols to the King.

The lights that rule the night and day
Shine now with brighter, purer ray ;
The earth that trembled to her deep,
Her blossoms round His path doth heap ;
Stars, sea, and shore have found a voice,
And cry aloud, Rejoice, rejoice.

And we too will not fail to tell
What at this Easter tide befel ;
We upon earth the praise prolong
Which rises from the angels' song ;
With Alleluias deep and high
We praise the Eternal Trinity.

IV.

Zyma vetus expurgetur.

PURGE out the leaven old of sin,
And let our risen Saviour win
New praise from us to-day ;
This day has given our hope its birth ;
Proclaimed by signs of wondrous worth,
It meets us on our way.

It spoiled, of old, the Egyptian foe ;
It taught the captive slaves to know
The joy of freedom new ;
They, to their task-work tied and bound,
No respite from their bondage found ;
No peace or rest they knew.

But now the gladsome sound is heard,
Falls on the ear the mighty word,
"Triumphant o'er the grave ;"
This is the day the Lord hath made ;
Now let our tears and sighs be stayed ;
This day is strong to save.

Behold the law its types doth show ;
In Christ the anti-type we know,
In Whom is all complete ;
His blood hath quenched the fiery wrath
Of Him whose keen sword kept the path
Of Eden's blissful seat.

In Him is Isaac seen again,
For whom, of old, the lamb was slain,
True type of joy and life ;
See Joseph from the pit arise,
And lo ! Christ soareth to the skies
As Victor in the strife.

Like Samson, He the foe's high gate
Bursts open, and, in kingly state,
Bears His great spoils away;
Like Jonah in his living tomb,
He passes from death's dreary gloom
To this His Easter day.

Yea, death and life in conflict keen
Were met when Christ the Lord was seen,
The first-fruits from the dead:
Joy in the morning comes, and lo!
Night, with its heavy load of woe,
Before the dawn is fled.

O Jesu, Conqueror in the strife,
O Lord, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose Death o'er death prevails,
Oh, lead us to Thy Table, Lord,
That Easter Table where is stored
The Bread that never fails.

O living Bread, O Fount of joy,
True Vine, true Bliss without alloy,
Cleanse us, yea, cleanse and guide;
And when we yield our parting breath,
Oh, save us from the second death,
And keep us by Thy side.

Whitsuntide.

I.

Sancti Spiritus adsit nobis gratia.

O Holy Spirit, grant us grace
To make our hearts Thy dwelling-place;
Drive far away each thought of sin,
Shed Thy bright beams on all within.

Pour down Thine unction from above,
Thou Lord of Purity and Love;
Cleanse Thou the inward eye, that we
Our Father's face unveiled may see.

Taught by Thy Breath, the Prophets old
The advent of the Christ foretold;
Taught too by Thee, the Apostles' band
Proclaimed the Christ in every land.

When, at the first, the heavens and earth,
Through Him, the Eternal Word, had birth,
Thou o'er the chaos dark didst move,
And wake its depths to light and love.

Through Thee the waters teeming roll ;
Thy breath makes man a living soul ;
The many tongues of wandering men
Thou bringest to one speech again.

So, Holy Spirit, hear, we pray,
All that we seek, yet fail to say ;
Teach us the words that God will own,
And bear them to the Eternal Throne.

Without Thee all our prayers are vain ;
Thou only canst our souls sustain ;
Through every age God's saints confess
Thy power to purify and bless.

So, Lord, Thy Pentecostal grace
Give now in this Thy dwelling-place ;
Make darkness light, and false thoughts true ;
Yea, in our souls make all things new.

II.

Resonet sacrata jam turma.

O COME, loud praises let us sing ;
Great joy to us is given ;
The gifts He promised hath our King
Sent down to us from Heaven.

The Apostles' band together came
Those great gifts to entreat ;
And lo ! in mighty wind and flame
They feel the Paraclete.

In new-born tongues they speak aloud
The mighty things of God ;
The Spirit from His glory-cloud
Has made them His abode.

O God, of Thee the whole earth sings,
Sun, moon, and stars rejoice ;
Each mighty stream its tribute brings,
And Ocean lends his voice.

And now the souls where Thou dost dwell,
As in Thy chosen seat,
Will of Thy wondrous glory tell,
The Comforter to greet.

Receive our poor and feeble praise,
That we to Thee may soar ;
To realms of joy and bliss upraise
The souls that Thee adore.

Fill us, we pray, with light divine,
The light of endless day,
That where Thy glories ever shine
We may for ever stay.

To Thee, O Spirit blest, we know
All praise and blessing due ;
Oh, teach us in each act to show
Our worship pure and true.

Our souls and bodies, Lord, to Thee,
We offer as Thine own ;
So in Thy glorious realms may we
Be gathered round Thy throne.

III.

Lux jocunda, lux insignis.

Now are joy and glory blended ;
Lo, the Spirit hath descended
On the chosen few ;
In a holier bond uniting,
To profounder peace inviting
All the good and true.

What He promised, Christ fulfilleth ;
After fifty days He stilleth
All His bride's unrest ;
And the rock that gave its sweetness
Poureth now, for our completeness,
Holy oil and blest.

On the mount of old were given
Tables twain with law from Heaven ;
Now in tongues of fire,
In that upper room new blessing,
Heart and soul and speech possessing,
Meets each high desire.

Oh, how joyful, how victorious
Is the Church's birthday glorious,
Blest and joyful day ;
Now the first-fruits Christ bestoweth ;
Lo, the infant Church up-groweth ;
Thousands own His sway.

Nations twain hath Christ united,
Jew and Greek alike invited,
All are welcome there ;
And the new wine now is filling
Souls that with new thoughts are thrilling,
Claiming each its share.

Where no sin the conscience staineth
God that heavenly manna raineth,
Where the heart is pure ;
Where the soul the darkness chooses,
Where the will the truth refuses,
Grace may not endure.

Come then, Lord of life, to bless us,
Let Thy love and might possess us,
Cleanse our souls from sin ;
Where Thy grace in secret worketh,
There no taint of evil lurketh,
All is clear within.

Where, without Thee, find we sweetness ?
Where or beauty or completeness,
Save through Thee alone ?
Thou art Light and Unction, giving
To the fontal waters living,
Might nought else had known.

So, new-born, God's new creation,
Sing we of His great salvation,
Seeking Thee to praise ;
Once all wretched and forsaken,
Now from wrath to God's grace taken
We our voice upraise.

Thou, at once the Gift and Giver,
Bid us drink from out the river
Of Thine endless joy ;
Make our hearts Thy chosen dwelling ;
Let our tongues be still forth-telling
Bliss without alloy.

Cleanse us from our sin's pollution,
Give us peace and absolution,
Rest and joy unpriced ;
All our spirit's life renewing,
All rebellious thoughts subduing,
Make us Thine, O Christ.

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